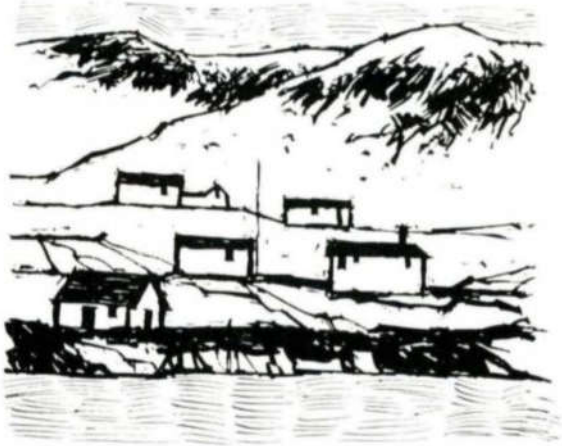
The Beaver

SUMMER 1975

from sea to sea...

across the span

of three centuries



OURS IS A TRADITION OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

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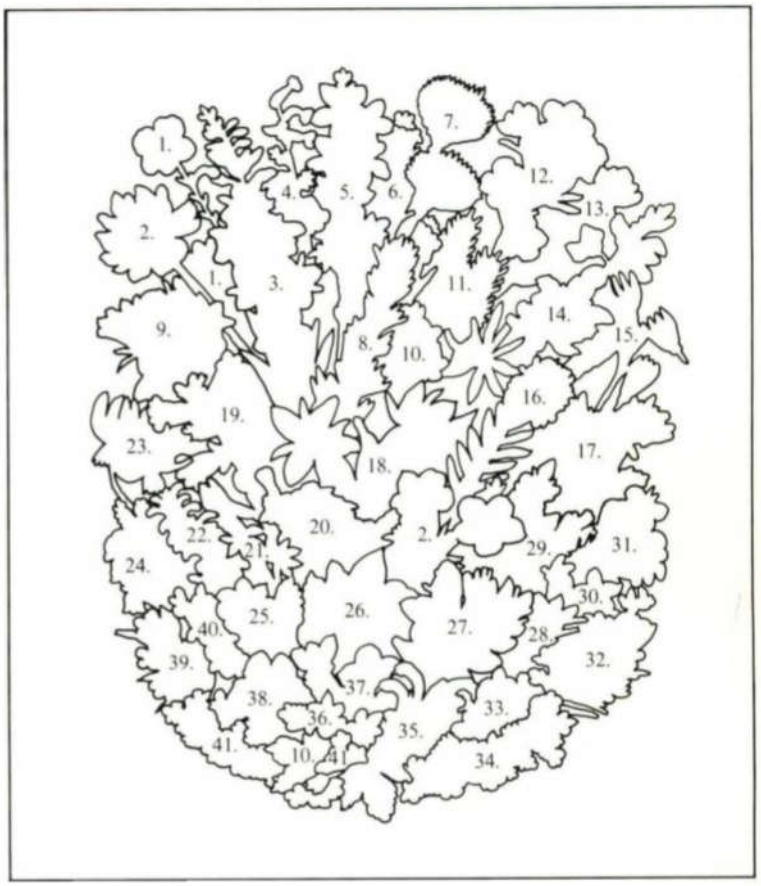

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5. Jacob's Ladder
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41. Siberian Phlox

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Governor George Simpson's

CHARACTER BOOK

BY GLYNDWR WILLIAMS

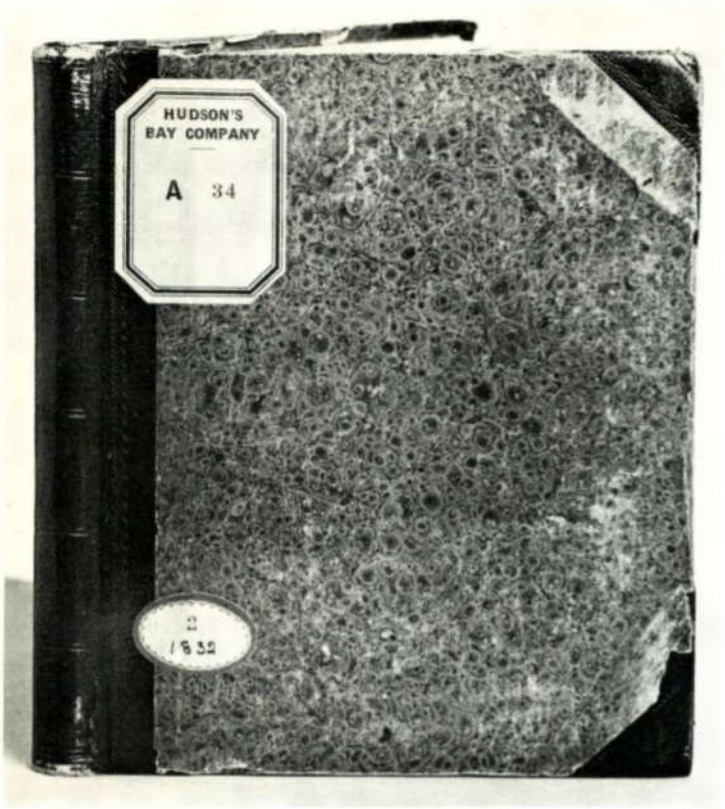
AMONG THE MOST REWARDING DUTIES of the General Editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society is his task of selecting documents from the many tens of thousands in the Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company for publication in the Society's biennial volumes. Certain guidelines have to be observed of course. The chronological and regional balance between volumes needs to be maintained, and there is the perennial problem of deciding between documents of dramatic and obvious importance, and those of a more routine nature which perhaps better reflect the normal trading operations of the Company. But within this self-imposed framework the General Editor has a free choice. In some ways it is an intimidating as well as an enviable task. For each document chosen there are many worthy claimants rejected, and the size and richness of the Archives (well over 3,000 linear feet of documents at the last count) form more of an embarrassment than a help in the job of producing a single volume of two or three hundred pages which is representative, historically important, and acceptable to members.

When the present General Editor took up his position eight years ago, one particular document stood out as a candidate for early publication – the so-called 'Character Book' of Governor George Simpson, dated 1832. It contains confidential entries on 157 servants of the Hudson's Bay Company in that year: twenty-five Chief Factors, twenty-five Chief Traders, eighty-eight clerks, and nineteen postmasters. The Character Book is without doubt the most widely used and quoted document in the Archives; yet it has never been printed, nor has any detailed investigation been made of the circumstances under which it was written or of the reliability of its information. The nearest approach to a critical appraisal came in the second volume of E.E. Rich's *The History of the Hudson's Bay Company 1670-1870*, in which (pp. 465-6) the author pointed out that the astringency of Simpson's entries 'reflects as much the growing captiousness of the Governor as the weaknesses of men he described.' He continued: 'It is impossible to read through Simpson's Character Book without being overwhelmed by the shrewd and caustic comment. This was a revelation of uncompromising knowledge and capacity. 'But there is an air of disillusionment about it all which accords well with Simpson's mood in 1832 . . . The cheerful and confident cynicism of early years had given place to something just as shrewd, but which was becoming mean and captious.' In these perceptive sentences Professor Rich hoisted warning signals: the Character Book might be a source of inestimable value, but it was one to be approached with caution. To the present writer it was clear that the only way to provide a useful version of the document for historians was to print it in full, and accompany it with an introductory section and footnotes which supplemented, modified, and if necessary contradicted Simpson's entries. Here a practical problem intruded. Even with the heavy annotating which the text obviously demanded, the resultant version would make a slim volume indeed for the Record Society. This particular problem disappeared when it was decided that the last Record Society volume to be published from London should be a collection of important documents from the Archives spanning the two centuries of the Company's history covered in the previous twenty-nine volumes. The Character Book is therefore the final document in Volume XXX of the Hudson's Bay Record Society series, *Hudson's Bay Miscellany 1670-1870*, which will be issued to members at about the same time as this article appears. The analysis and description of the Character Book given here, it must be said, is a very much shortened and selective version of the material which is printed in the form of text, introduction, footnotes, and statistical tables in Volume XXX; on the other hand, its illustrations of many of the personalities described by Simpson in the Character Book lend this presentation a visual dimension which the more austere format of the Record Society volume inevitably lacks.

George Simpson's travelling case; he carried this wooden box with him on his extensive tours of inspection.

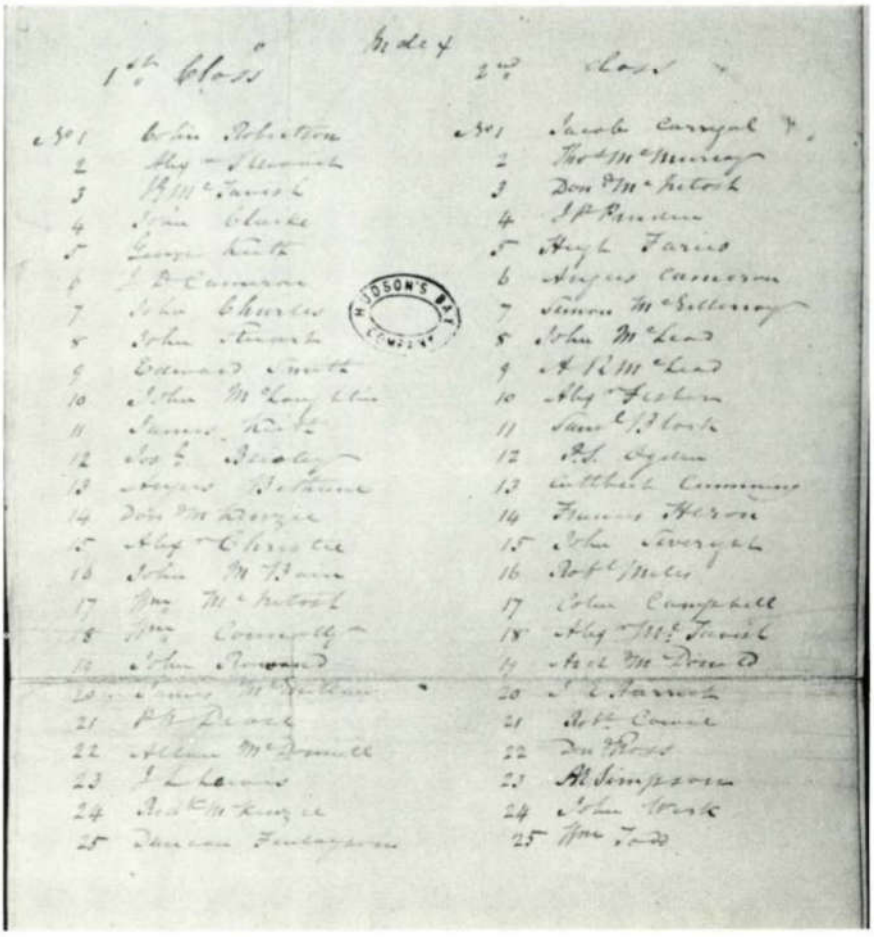
Dr Glyndwr Williams is Professor of History at Queen Mary College, University of London, and General Editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

With the transfer of the Company Archives to Winnipeg in September 1974, Volume XXX 'Hudson's Bay Miscellany 1670 – 1870' is the last volume to be prepared in London under Dr Williams. The editor designate of the Hudson's Bay Record Society is Hartwell Bowsfield; the new address is 77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2R1. Excerpts from the 'Character Book' by permission of the Hudson's Bay Company.



The Character Book. √

The accompanying photograph of the Character Book shows its unimpressive physical appearance. It is a notebook, measuring 8 by 6¾ inches, and running to 166 pages, of which Simpson's distinctive (and occasionally illegible) handwriting covers 112. When and how it came to the Company in London is not certain. Its confidential nature makes it probable that it remained in Simpson's possession during his lifetime, and confirmation that the London Committee did not know of its existence is found in letters between Simpson and the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1859. The secretary informed Simpson that the Governor and Committee wished the system of annual reports on Company servants 'under the rank of Chief Trader, sent by you for their information up to 1831', to be revived. The Character Book is clearly not meant here; most of its pages are taken up with entries on the Chief Factors and Chief Traders, and it is dated 1832. The secretary was referring to the series of brief reports which Simpson sent the London Committee in the 1820s about the Company clerks. Simpson's reply in 1859 shows that he had abandoned that system after his reports of 1830 'in consequence of the information, which was intended to



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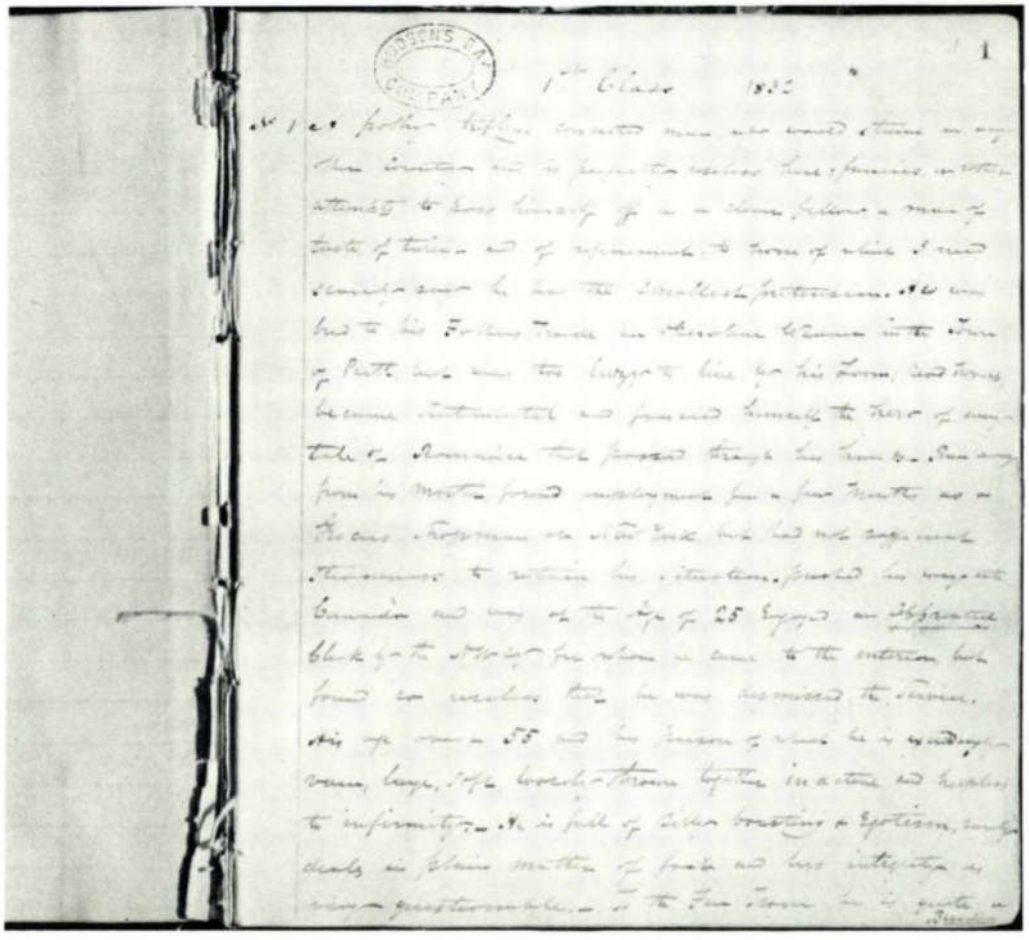
The key to the Character Book, identifying Chief Factors and Chief Traders, was discovered in the late 1920s.

be strictly confidential, finding its way back to the interior, leading, as may be readily imagined, to personal difficulties and other inconvenient results.' No doubt with this leakage in mind, Simpson wrote the Character Book of 1832 in his own hand, and strengthened its confidential nature by referring to the commissioned officers by number only, with the list of names and numbers recorded on a separate sheet of paper. The volume may have found its way to the Company with Simpson's other papers after his death at Lachine in 1860, but it is not mentioned in any index of manuscripts and books in the Archives until 1923. The single sheet identifying the Chief Factors and Chief Traders was not discovered until the late 'twenties, since when it has been kept with the Character Book and has proved the essential key to unlock the secrets of Simpson's uninhibited entries on his associates and subordinates.

At the time he wrote the Character Book Simpson was aged about forty-six, had been with the Company for twelve years, and since 1826 had been in effect (if not yet in name) its overseas Governor, supervising the whole sphere of its North American operations. Throughout the 1820s Simpson travelled tirelessly about the Company's territories in his efforts to weld the two sprawling and – in some areas at least – reluctant halves of the 1821 coalition into an efficient and coherent organization. By the end of the decade Simpson had stamped his personal mark on the Company's operations in unmistakable fashion. His forceful rule gave the fur trade a unity of method and purpose it had never known in the old wasteful days of violent rivalry. Simpson presided over the field activities of a business corporation whose ramifications extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Snake country well south of the modern United States-Canadian border to the Mackenzie River and the far north. In 1828-29 Simpson made his last great journey of this period of hectic activity when for the second time he crossed the Rocky Mountains to visit John McLoughlin's domain on the Columbia. Having seen for himself the progress being made there, Simpson returned east to take a well-earned leave in England during the winter of 1829-30.

In many ways this was a turning point in Simpson's career, and certainly the events of the next two years have much bearing on the Character Book. Simpson's most surprising achievement during his leave was to

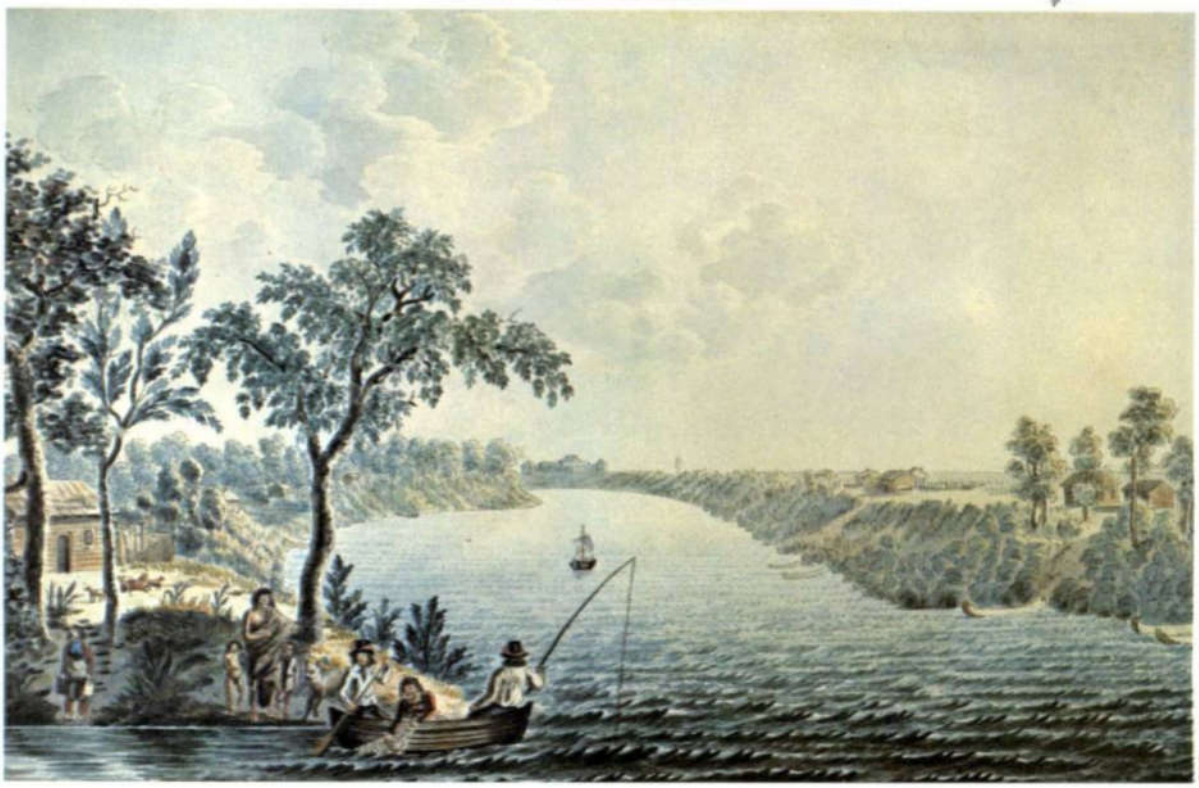


The first entry: '1st Class, No. 1' – Chief Factor Colin Robertson.

Lady Frances Simpson.
Minature by courtesy of Mrs M. Porritt.

persuade his young and attractive cousin, Frances Simpson, to marry him. Even before this event, scattered references in Simpson's correspondence show that the hard travelling of the 1820s had taken its toll of his health, and that he was contemplating a quieter existence. His marriage confirmed him in this. Approaching middle age, Simpson looked forward to a pattern of life more settled and domesticated than those first strenuous years with the Company. Into this new situation fitted his decision to make a home for Frances and himself at Red River, where he would continue to supervise the Company's trading activities but in a less personal, less peripatetic, fashion than formerly. His return to Canada in 1830, and his subsequent journey with Frances through the Company's territories to Red River showed something of the problems which his new status and style of living would bring. Readers of a recent article by Sylvia Van Kirk ('Women and the Fur Trade', *The Beaver*, Winter 1972), will not need reminding that Simpson, like most of his associates in the fur trade, was already married *à la façon du pays*. His country wife was the mixed-blood Margaret Taylor, by whom he had two children. This particular problem was bundled out of the way by Simpson in his own decisive way when after a period spent with her sister, the country wife of John Stuart, Chief Factor at Bas de la Rivière, Margaret was married off to a French Canadian. The same change of

Simpson wrote his Character Book at Red River in 1832. This scene of the settlement was done ten years earlier by Peter Rindisbacher.



fortune befell Nancy McKenzie or Matooskie, the country wife of another senior officer. Simpson's close friend John George McTavish, who had just brought a Scottish bride to Rupert's Land. But in carrying out these hurried arrangements Simpson and McTavish found themselves embroiled in a bitter feud with Donald McKenzie (Matooskie's uncle, and the senior Company officer at Red River) and Stuart. Nor did the trouble end there. By bringing European wives to the fur-trade country Simpson and McTavish put both themselves and their colleagues with mixed-blood wives in a peculiarly difficult position. At Red River Simpson made no concessions. He refused to accept mixed-blood women as appropriate company for Frances – much to the disappointment and anger of Company officers, such as Colin Robertson, who had country wives – yet he found, on personal grounds, the European women at the settlement almost equally distasteful. McKenzie's wife, to take but one example, was 'a silly ignorant thing, whose commonplace wise saws with which we are constantly persecuted, are worse than a blister'. This lack of congenial company for Frances (whose own feelings on the subject remain invisible in the shadow thrown by her dominant husband) was the more serious because her health, never robust, had suffered during the long journey from England; and before she had opportunity to make a full recovery she became pregnant, early in 1831. The following months were an ordeal for Simpson as well as Frances. The Governor's private letters are full of worried notes on his ailing wife, who seems to have been confined to bed for most of her pregnancy. Simpson himself was far from well. He wrote to McTavish that 'my old complaint in the head is troublesome again'; and William Todd, the doctor attending the Simpsons at this time, reminded him many years later of the precarious state of his health at Red River, where he was 'labouring under constant apprehension of Apoplexy'.

In September 1831 Frances gave birth to a son, but Simpson's natural elation was tempered by continuing anxiety about the health of his wife and baby as the long Red River winter closed over the settlement, and his bouts of moody irritation seemed as frequent as ever. In January 1832 Simpson wrote to McTavish that he was still afflicted with 'Vindictive & Malicious intrigue' – presumably the backwash from the break-up of his country marriage – and that he would leave 'tomorrow' if he could. Further correspondence with McTavish revealed that he could not afford to retire since he had recently lost £4,000, apparently in investments. Within the cramped confines of his small four-roomed house at the upper settlement Simpson found little outlet for his energies. He grew, wrote his cousin Thomas Simpson who was acting as his private secretary at this time, 'painfully nervous and crabbed' and his quick temper exploded in a series of noisy rows with his wife's English servants, a cook who had spent many years with her family in London, and her husband Angus. To McTavish, Simpson admitted that after a shouting match with the cook which made 'the whole Fort ring' he no longer ventured near the kitchen, while Angus had turned to drink once too often and Simpson had inflicted on him 'such a pounding as made his Bones ache for a month'.

It was during this winter, almost certainly between the New Year and March or April 1832, that Simpson passed the long hours by compiling the Character Book. It was finished before the death of his infant son in April, a grievous blow to the Simpsons which brought them both near complete breakdown. But if that tragic event had no bearing on the tone of the Character Book, Simpson's attitude of mind during its writing was far from normal. In poor health himself, anxious about the well-being of Frances and the baby, worried about his financial circumstances, depressed and irritated by quarrels in the settlement and within the walls of his own house, Simpson was in no mood for charitable comment. It may have come as some relief to his tension as on page after page he gave vent to his inner feelings about his colleagues and subordinates in the fur trade, and certainly his prejudices and misgivings overbear his grudging admissions of achievement. In the privacy of the little notebook went information and comment, often of a scabrous kind, which never found their way into the official references which Simpson provided for the same men, and in which – it must be remembered – he usually did full justice to their services to the Company. But although the general tone of the Character Book is critical, one myth about the famous document which can be banished at once is that its entries are uniformly and consistently hostile. The 157 entries, ranging in length from a page or more of comment to a line or two, spread across a scale extending from affectionate praise at one extreme to malevolent and libellous gossip at the other.

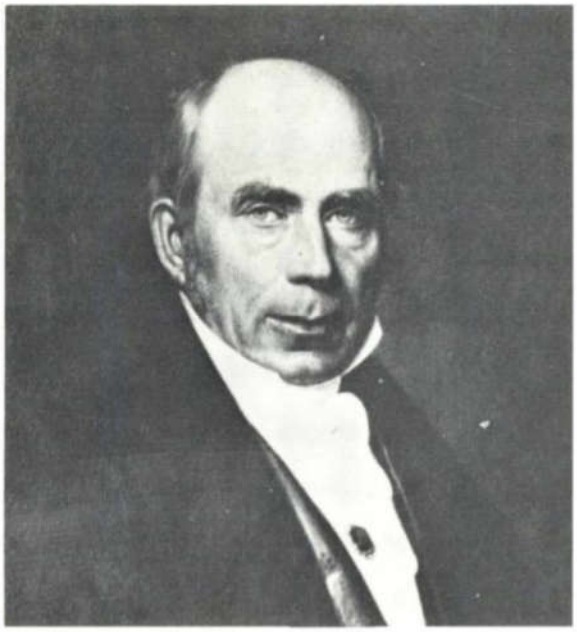
As might be expected, Simpson devoted most space to the Chief Factors, those twenty-five officers who formed the senior management of the Company in North America, men whom Simpson had known for a dozen years for they had all been in the fur trade when he arrived on the scene in 1820, and most had seen years of service with the Hudson's Bay Company or North West Company before that date. Eighteen of the twenty-five in fact had been North Westers, but more important to Simpson in 1832 than that fading distinction was that his Chief Factors formed an ageing group of men, chosen eleven years earlier at the coalition of 1821 for their qualities in an era of desperate competition, and now almost irremovable. Under the system of appointment and promotion laid down by the Deed Poll of 1821 the number of Chief Factors and Chief Traders had effectively stabilized at about twenty-five in each class, and although Simpson and the councils of the Southern and Northern Departments, themselves made up of Chief Factors, could propose new commissioned officers, they were unlikely to do so unless a vacancy arose through

Donald McKenzie: 'one of the worst and most dangerous men I ever was acquainted with'.

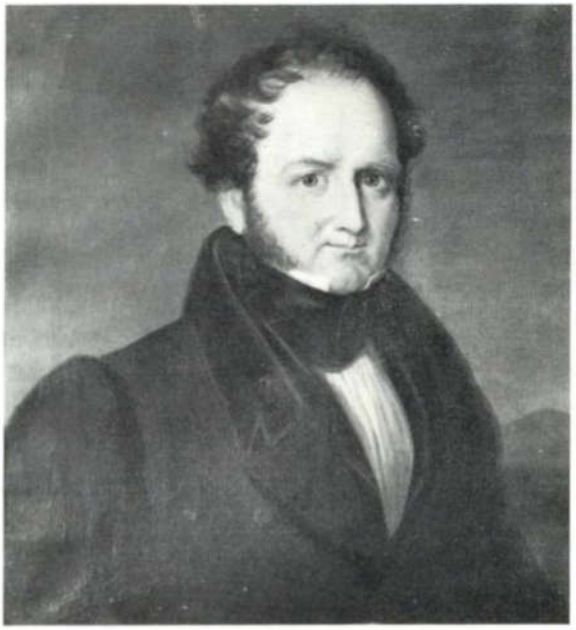
death or retirement. With each share in the concern worth about £400 annually in this period, the Chief Factors were unlikely to diminish the value of the two shares which each of them held by proposing new additions to their ranks, nor as individuals did they show much alacrity in retiring from their lucrative positions as old age overtook them. Simpson's feelings on the subject were expressed when he wrote to McTavish in 1831 that ten Chief Factors would be quite sufficient, and that many of the existing ones 'would be useful men if [Chief] Traders but at the top of the ladder they are Drones & Drags upon the concern.' Measuring the Chief Factors against the standards required by a business corporation of the time Simpson found many of them sadly wanting. Qualities of courage and endurance were still desirable, but becoming as important were administrative and financial competence and the ability to direct rather than intimidate men. What the Character Book reveals is that often added to Simpson's doubts about an officer's business capacity were personal factors, which in some cases simply strengthened Simpson's legitimate reservations, in others undoubtedly distorted his judgement. The most outspoken and critical entries on the Chief Factors concern Donald McKenzie, John Stuart, Colin Robertson and John Clarke – and they bear closer examination.

After damning McKenzie's abilities with faint praise – they were, wrote Simpson, 'in some respects . . . above mediocrity' – the first of these entries mauled the reputation of Simpson's close neighbour at Red River in no uncertain manner: 'perfectly useless' in business, 'his whole Life is one uniform system of art, deceit, falsehood, intrigue, Suspicion, Selfishness and Revenge . . . to which may be added a degree of vanity, jealousy and malice which it is scarcely possible to conceive.' Simpson concluded that McKenzie, well on his way to becoming 'a confirmed Drunkard', was 'one of the worst and most dangerous men I ever was acquainted with'. It is difficult to recognize in this unbalanced, almost hysterical entry the capacious figure of one of the most popular, easy-going men in the fur trade; 'jolly and plump . . . happy himself – and making every one happy around him . . . still Sir John Falstaff', that observant junior servant James Hargrave had written of him in 1826. In former times a prominent North Wester, McKenzie had been governor of Assiniboia since 1825, and at Red River his benign presence had helped the colony to recover from the ugly disasters of its early days. As recently as 1829 Simpson had written of McKenzie (admittedly in a letter to his brother, Roderick McKenzie): – 'His government is the most easy under the sun; he settles the most knotty points with a joke and a laugh, seated on a mortar opposite the gate of his fort, and is the more beloved and respected than words can tell'. By 1832 the same behaviour called for the severest criticism from Simpson, who now wrote to McTavish that McKenzie's concept of a governor's duties was 'to seat himself on the end of a Gun & bask in the Sun retailing Stale jokes from morning to night'. There is evidence elsewhere that McKenzie by about 1830 was unable to adjust to the pace of developments at Red River – Hargrave wrote regretfully of 'our faithful old friend . . . scowling from below his bonnet at the whirling changes' – but it was not primarily McKenzie's lack of business sense which led to Simpson's drastic reversal of attitude. It was McKenzie's role in the whole unsavoury affair of the country marriages of Simpson and McTavish which bitterly antagonized the governor. To have the defender of Matooskie's rights close at hand as a constant reminder of an episode in his own life which Simpson wished to push behind him was apparently more than he could bear, and the gossip which lapped freely and inevitably from one end of the settlement to the other was attributed by Simpson to the deliberate intrigues of McKenzie.

Also treated harshly in the Character Book was the other Company officer who figured prominently in the affair, John Stuart at Bas de la Rivière. Stuart was married *à la façon du pays* to the sister of Simpson's former country wife, Margaret Taylor, and had looked after Margaret and her children during Simpson's leave in England in 1829-30. Although Stuart's direct criticism was aimed at McTavish for his abandonment of Matooskie, his remarks had as much relevance to Simpson's behaviour; and Simpson clearly thought Stuart to be a tool in the hands of McKenzie. The Character Book entry on Stuart was notably lacking in justice to the man described by Simpson three years earlier as 'the Father or founder of New Caledonia'. Stuart was given only



John Stuart: 'in short he is a contemptable body altogether'.



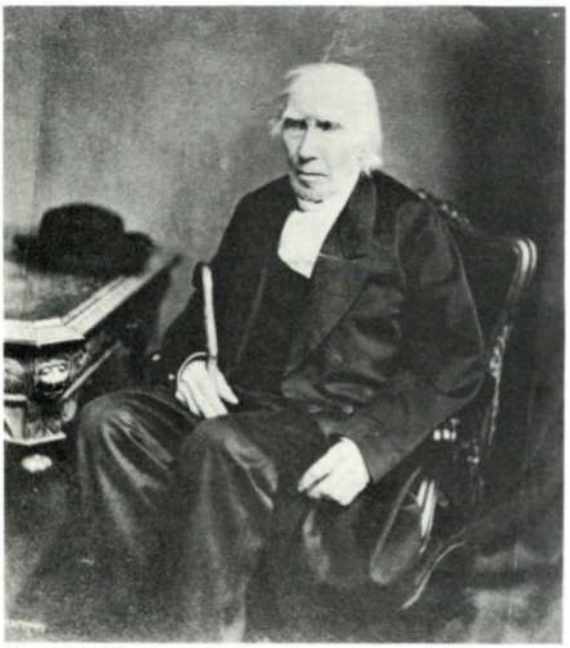
Colin Robertson: 'frothy, trifling conceited man who would starve in any other Country and is perfectly useless here'.

brief recognition for his services in the west where, Simpson acknowledged, he 'was at one time the fittest man in the country for exploring Service and severe duty'. But now, Simpson's entry ran, Stuart 'Is exceedingly vain, a great Egotist, Swallows the grossest flattery, is easily cajoled, rarely speaks the truth . . . in short he is a contemptable body altogether'. Before the end of the year Stuart had been posted to the remote Mackenzie River district, and although Simpson explained to the London Committee that administrative rearrangements necessitated the move, it is difficult not to see a connection between it and the tumult caused by Simpson's personal and emotional entanglements after his return from leave in 1830.

Given the tension and anxiety afflicting Simpson in 1832, his diatribes against McKenzie and Stuart as the imagined authors of his troubles are understandable if not justifiable; but the entries on Robertson and Clarke had no such emotional implications. The entry on Colin Robertson, the first in the Character Book, was harsh and implacable. Robertson was castigated as 'A frothy, trifling conceited man, who would starve in any other Country and is perfectly useless here . . . full of silly boasting & Egotism . . . To the Fur Trade he is quite a Burden, and a heavy burden too, being a compound of folly and extravagance, and disarranging and throwing into confusion whatsoever he puts his hand to in the shape of business.' This is accurate enough comment on the Robertson of the 1830s, a pathetic figure living on past glories whose postings by the Company to ever less demanding areas of the fur trade were in the nature of charitable exercises. But Simpson's entry, almost half of which concerned Robertson's early career, totally ignored the contribution made by him to the Company's fortunes in the fiercest years of the struggle with the North West Company. It was Robertson above all, courageous, imaginative, and even then it must be said reckless and erratic, who brought to the struggle against the North Westers 'Opposition as these men understand it'. Those services the Company had recognized in 1821 with a substantial gratuity of £1,000, but Simpson chose to ignore them in his Character Book entry while dwelling heavily, and inaccurately, on Robertson's youthful days. It was not that Simpson was unaware of Robertson's role in the events leading up to the *démarche* of 1821, for he himself had arrived in Athabaska in 1820 at the height of the conflict. In Simpson's omission from his confidential Character Book of any reference to the flamboyant Robertson in mid-career there may well have been an element of self-deception, for the more recognition Robertson received for his part in the Athabaska campaign the less would come to the new recruit Simpson. It is perhaps significant that Simpson was engaged in denigrating Robertson within a year of arriving in North America, when he denounced him to the London Committee as 'useless, speculative and extravagant'.

One of Robertson's associates in that period, John Clarke, was dismissed by Simpson in the Character Book in an entry so severe, and short, that it can be given in full:

> A boasting, ignorant low fellow who rarely speaks the truth and is strongly suspected of dishonesty; his commanding appearance & pompous manner, however, give him a good deal of influence over Indians



Alexander Christie: 'an honourable, correct good hearted man as can be found in any country'.

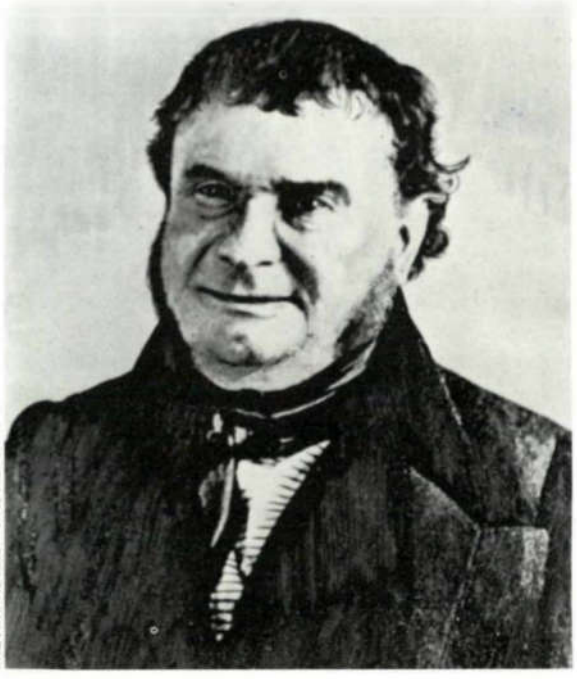
> and Servants; and his total want of every principle or feeling, allied to fair dealing, honour & integrity, together with his cruel & Tyrannical disposition render him eminently qualified for playing the lawless, cold blooded Bravo in opposition. He is in short a disgrace to the 'Fur Trade'; about 52 Years of Age.

Here Simpson had justice on his side; even in the hot days of the struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, Clarke, who had served both in turn, was noted for his reckless violence. On his first encounter with him, in 1820, Simpson had warned him, 'The North West Company are not to be put down by Prize fighting, but by persevering industry'; and Clarke's later career with the Hudson's Bay Company is studded with examples of what the London Committee described at one time as 'preposterous and indecorous' behaviour. The relationship between Simpson and Clarke, like that between Simpson and Robertson, was affected by their very different views of their respective roles in the struggle with the Northwesters. As late as 1831 Simpson discovered that Clarke had written a declamatory letter to the London Committee which he quoted to McTavish with evident relish and much derision: '[This] will make you laugh "To the joint effort of Mr Robertson & myself are the H B Coy in a great measure indebted for the splendor & importance of their rank & standing in the great Commercial World". Well done John!'

Somewhat in the same category as the entry on Clarke came a series of curt, dismissive judgements on three other Chief Factors: Angus Bethune – 'A very poor creature, vain, self-sufficient and trifling'; John McBain – 'An ignorant, illiterate common kind of fellow, whose only talent consists of a little low cunning and falsehood'; and William McIntosh – 'A revengeful cold blooded black hearted Man whom I consider capable of anything that is bad.' All available evidence indicates that Simpson was here reflecting, not personal prejudice, but the general opinion within the Company that these were men who contributed little of value to the service. They were officers who benefited from their impregnable positions. Chief Factors for life it seemed. Simpson's dilemma in dealing with them was expressed in a not unkind remark he made in 1831 on the continuing problem of what to do with the wretched Bethune; 'he is too trifling & troublesome to be near at hand and so useless & inactive as to be unfit for a distant charge.'

The entries summarized above show Simpson at his harshest; but they are balanced by other entries in which Simpson showered generous praise on Chief Factors who clearly were numbered among the ten or so which Simpson considered sufficient to supervise the Company's trading operations: Edward Smith, James Keith, Alexander Christie, John Rowand and Duncan Finlayson. Far away at his remote station at Fort Simpson in the Mackenzie River district, 'Daddy' Smith was in Simpson's eyes a model trader: 'very well meaning well behaved man . . . has acquired influence with Servants & Indians . . . an excellent Indian Trader and is most attentive to his business.' Like Smith, Christie had the reputation of one of the steadiest, 'straightest' men in the fur trade, and Simpson's entry was in line with general

John Rowand: 'has the peculiar talent of attracting the fiercest Indians to him while he rules them with a Rod of Iron'.

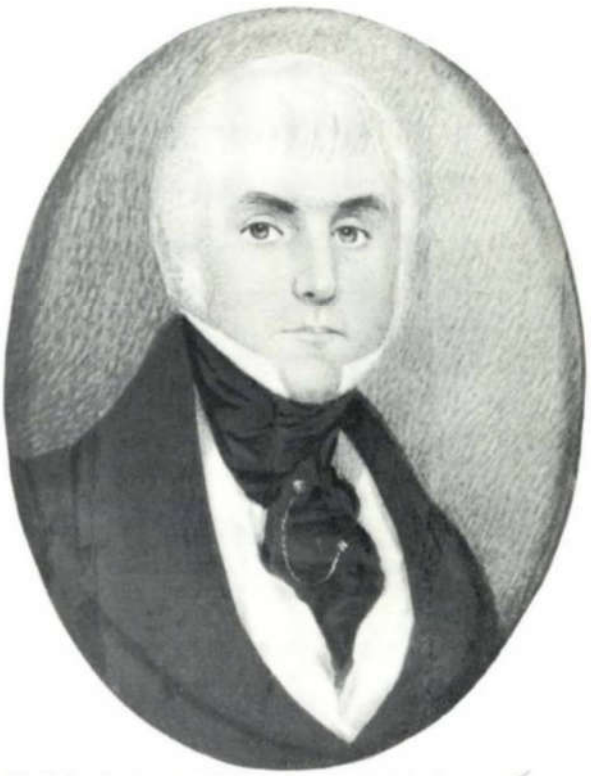


PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, VICTORIA

opinion: 'one of our best characters, an honourable, correct good hearted man as can be found in any Country; beloved and respected by all who know him . . .' James Keith, superintendent of the Company's affairs at Lachine, where he kept in close touch with Simpson, was the businessman *par excellence* among the Chief Factors: 'A scrupulous correct honourable man of a serious turn of mind . . . regular and systematic . . . the most faultless member of the Fur Trade.' In rather similar terms Duncan Finlayson, newly promoted to Chief Factor, was described as 'A highly upright honourable correct man . . . Firm Cool and decisive, one of our best Legislators and most effective practical Men.' Of very different type was John Rowand, one of the great characters of the fur trade, 'Iron Shirt' or 'Big Mountain' to the Plains Indians who traded with him at Edmonton. He was, Simpson admitted, a man of strong prejudices, but he was also warm-hearted, open, and above all totally dedicated. Simpson continued: 'Of a fiery disposition and as bold as a Lion. An excellent Trader who has the peculiar talent of attracting the fiercest Indians to him while he rules them with a Rod of Iron and so daring that he beards their Chiefs in the open camp while surrounded by their Warriors: has likewise a Wonderful influence over his people. By his superior management realized more money for the concern than any three of his Colleagues since the Coalition.' He was, one feels, Simpson's ideal trader, combining the qualities of dash and enterprise traditionally associated with the old North Westers with the more sober traits of reliability and endurance which had served the Hudson's Bay Company in good stead in the days of conflict. Both Finlayson and Rowand, it should be noted, had become Chief Factors since the coalition; they were 'Simpson's men' in a sense that the Chief Factors of 1821, appointed from London as part of the complicated coalition negotiations, could never be.

Between the extremes, the impossible Robertsons at one end of the scale, the admirable Rowands at the other, were a dozen or so entries of a more indeterminate nature. To the historian, as wary of unalloyed enthusiasm as of intemperate criticism, these are perhaps the most interesting of all. Into this category falls the best-known Character Book description, that of the mighty figure of John McLoughlin:

> About 48 Years of Age. A very bustling active man who can go through a great deal of business but is wanting in system and regularity, and has not the talent of managing the few associates & clerks under his authority: has a good deal of influence with Indians and speaks Siaulteaux tolerably well. Very Zealous in the discharge of his public duties and a man of strict honour and integrity but a great stickler for rights and priviledges and sets himself up for a righter of Wrongs. Very anxious to obtain a lead among his colleagues with whom he has not much influence owing to his ungovernable Violent temper and turbulent disposition, and would be a troublesome man to the Compy if he had sufficient influence to form and tact to manage a party, in short, would be a Radical in any Country – under any Government and under any circumstances; and if he had not pacific people to deal with, would be eternally embroiled in 'affairs of honor' on the merest trifles arising I conceive from the irritability of his temper more than a quarrelsome disposition. Altogether a disagreeable man to do business with as it is impossible to go with him in all things and a difference of opinion almost amounts to a declaration of hostilities, yet a good hearted man and a pleasant companion.



John McLoughlin: 'ungovernable Violent temper . . . yet a good hearted man and a pleasant companion'.

Two immediate conclusions can be drawn from this entry: it gives McLoughlin little credit for his already considerable services to the Company; and it foretells in uncanny fashion the clashes to come between Simpson and McLoughlin on a whole variety of issues – the coastal trade, American emigrants, the tragic death of McLoughlin's son at Fort Stikine. In many respects it personifies both the strengths and weaknesses of the Character Book assessments. The reader who was solely dependent on it would never realize that McLoughlin was even then one of the dominant figures in the history of the Pacific Northwest; on the other hand, it must

COURTESY OF ELAINE MITCHELL

Angus Cameron: 'A very active useful Man and steady, regular and Oeconomical in business'.

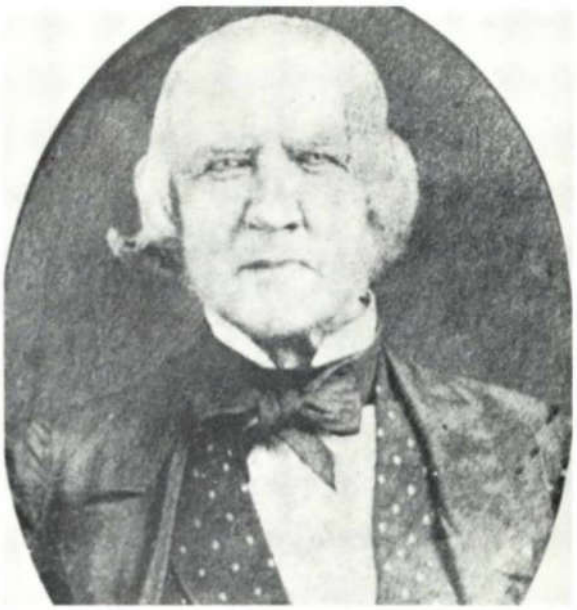
again be stressed that Simpson was writing for himself alone, putting on paper misgivings and suspicions which could never be made public. In this same year, 1832, he sent the London Committee his official assessment of McLoughlin, praising without reservation 'the great exertions, indefatigable labours and unremitting attention of Chief Factor McLoughlin, who, in the face of every difficulty he has had to contend with, (and they certainly were of no ordinary character), has steadily & uniformly followed up, with a degree of vigour & energy which I have rarely witnessed in this or any other country, every measure and plan which had been determined on at the commencement.' The Character Book entry, foreshadowed by one or two anxious references in Simpson's private letters to McLoughlin's uncontrollable temper, supplements rather than contradicts this encomium. It gives added depth to the one-dimensional picture of the paragon at Fort Vancouver which Simpson had drawn for the benefit of the London Committee. One other point might be mentioned: two years later it was Simpson who engineered, against much opposition, gratuities for McLoughlin from the London Committee totalling £1,000 for his services on the Columbia.

In some ways Simpson was as hard upon his supporters as on his enemies; affection did not blur his sharp insight. In dealing with his acknowledged friends among the Chief Factors, Simpson had a quick eye for their frailties. John George McTavish at Moose, with whom Simpson carried on a remarkably frank private correspondence, rated an entry which after noting his good qualities concluded on a note of mounting severity: 'unnecessarily dignified and high minded . . . rather strong in his prejudices . . . over fond of good living and I must fear is getting into habits of conviviality and intemperance.' John Dugald Cameron, 'one of my principal supporters', Simpson noted later in the year, was recognized in the Character Book as 'one of our best Indian Traders', a compliment immediately followed by a codicil, 'but in other respects not a man of business'. James McMillan, an unlettered Scot earlier described by Simpson as 'my Staunch & Manly Friend', had been at Red River in charge of the experimental farm since 1830. His generally favourable entry in the Character Book carried the usual sting in the tail, where Simpson regretted his 'vast deal of little highland Pride'. Again, it is worth noting that Simpson was more tolerant and loyal to his associates in daily life than his Character Book entries might suggest. McMillan, for example, complained bitterly of the bickering at Red River and of the arrogance of the 'grandees' there, but made an exception of 'the Govr [Simpson] & Lady who are always the same.'

Enough has been quoted here to show that generalization about the Character Book entries on the Chief Factors is hazardous. Perhaps the only comment which can be applied to them all is that they were highly personal. During a decade of travelling, talking, and corresponding in the fur-trade country, Simpson got to know his Chief Factors well, and this is reflected in the nature of his comments. He was no distant boardroom superior, passing judgement on subordinates who were only names. First-hand knowledge formed the basis of Simpson's assessments, and Simpson being what he was those assessments were coloured by personal feelings. To the hard-headed, practical appraisals of men so evident in Simpson's official reports was added a more subjective, volatile element. Old prejudices, recent quarrels and continuing affections all played their part in the Character Book entries.

When Simpson turned to the Chief Traders a different set of standards came into play. A few of the Chief Traders were grizzled veterans who had reached the highest level they could hope for: Jacob Corrigal, 'timid, slow and better adapted to obey than to command'; Thomas McMurray, 'About 62 Years of Age and nearly worn out . . . made a butt of by his colleagues and Superiors'; John Siveright, 'A poor well behaved little man who is sickly Deaf & Worn out; was promoted to the rank of a Clerk from being a Gentlemen's body Servant and to his present situation on account of his Age and infirmity, at least I suppose so, as I am not aware of any other particular claims he could have had.' But most were ambitious men in their late thirties and forties straining towards the rank of Chief Factor, where the few vacancies which arose were the subject of intense speculation and hot competition. Simpson's entries for this class, then, tend to concentrate on the suitability or otherwise of an individual officer for promotion. In theory this was determined at the annual councils of the Northern and Southern Departments, though it is clear that much lobbying by, and on behalf of, candidates

Donald Ross: 'rather hippish & fanciful in regard to ailments . . . Bears an excellent private character, is quite a man of his word'.



COURTESY OF A. G. PRUDEN

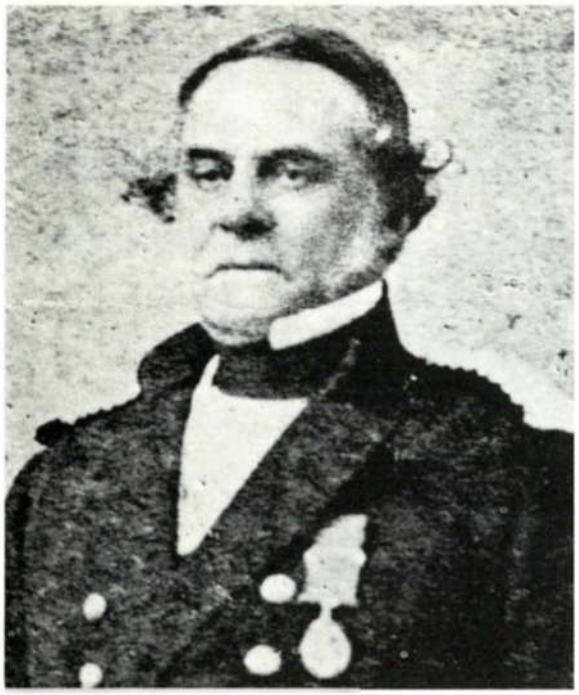
John Pruden: 'a fine Beef Steak is sufficient to solace him under the most Severe afflictions'. From a photograph believed to have been taken at Rat Portage.

took place long before the assembling of the Chief Factors at York or Moose. At the councils Simpson's voice was the decisive one. As his ingenuous reply to a query about the councils from the investigating Parliamentary Committee of 1857 put it – 'They could outvote me, but it has never been so'.

This being the case, Simpson's forecasts in the Character Book are curiously erratic. Two of his strongest tips for promotion among the Chief Traders were his friends Angus Cameron and Donald Ross. A collection of more than a hundred private letters between Simpson and Cameron shows the governor's regard for the old North Wester, and the Character Book entry was unusually favourable: 'A very active useful Man and steady, regular and Oeconomical in business . . . would make a respectable Member of our board of Direction to a Seat in which he aspires with fine prospects of success.' Ross had been Simpson's confidential secretary in the late 1820s, and after he left to take up his Chief Tradership the two men continued a private correspondence. About him Simpson had some reservations; after years at a desk he had become 'rather hippish & fanciful in regard to ailments so that he is not qualified for severe duty'. But in most ways Simpson thought well of Ross – 'A very steady regular well behaved man who understands the whole routine of the interior business better than any of his Class . . . Bears an excellent private character, is quite a man of his word, and qualified to become useful in the direction of the business.'

Yet both men had to wait until 1839 for promotion, behind such undesirables in Simpson's estimation as John Pruden (who became a Chief Factor in 1836), Alexander Roderick McLeod (also in 1836) and Samuel Black (in 1837). Pruden was berated in no uncertain manner in the Character Book: 'weak minded vain & silly without decision in or knowledge of business beyond the simple process of dealing with an Indian across the Counter . . . very much offended that he has not been promoted; but in my opinion ought to consider himself fortunate in having obtained his present situation.' His own comfort was his main concern, continued Simpson, 'and a fine Beef Steak is sufficient to solace him under the most Severe afflictions' – a remark which was not simply a fanciful turn of speech by Simpson, for in the same period a letter from one of Pruden's correspondents noted that 'Mr. Pruden wrote me that he was starving & no rump stakes'. McLeod had made an unenviable name for himself after the incompetence and violence which marked his expeditions to the Umpqua and Sacramento rivers in 1828 and 1829, and Simpson, describing him as 'illiterate self sufficient and arrogant' warned that if he gained promotion he would prove 'a most overbearing Tyrannical fellow'. Samuel Black, that chilling man of violence who in the end met a bloody death himself, drew from Simpson one of his longest and most thoughtful entries, of which only part can be given here:

> The strangest Man I ever knew. So wary & suspicious that it is scarcely possible to get a direct answer from him on any point . . . A perfectly honest man and his generosity might be considered indicative of a warmth of heart if he was not known to be a cold blooded fellow who could be guilty of any Cruelty . . . equal to the cutting of a throat with perfect deliberation . . . so suspicious that offensive and defensive preparation seem to be the study of his Life having Dirks, Knives and Loaded Pistols concealed



James Douglas: 'Well qualified for any service requiring bodily exertion, firmness of mind and the exercise of sound judgement, but furiously violent when roused.'

Thomas Simpson: '24 years of age . . . will in due time if he goes on as he promises be one of the most complete men of business in the country'.

about his Person and in all directions about his Establishment even under his Table cloth at meals and in his Bed.

But on one point Simpson was quite definite: 'I should be sorry to see a man of such character at our Council board.' Yet these three Chief Traders, Pruden, McLeod and Black, gained promotion before Cameron and Ross, a sign either that Simpson's judgement in 1832 was unusually defective, or that his influence both at the Councils and in London in the mid-'thirties was not as all-embracing as is sometimes assumed. In an apologetic letter of 1838 to Cameron, Simpson assured him that for several years 'I have been more anxious to see you brought forward than any other man in the Country.' Some others on Simpson's list of probables for promotion – Cuthbert Cumming ('A very fit man to come forward'), Colin Campbell ('would make a more respectable figure at the Council Board than many who now occupy seats there') and Robert Cowie ('well qualified to become a useful member of our Council in due time') – never became Chief Factors, again a caution against taking for granted that Simpson in this period possessed unlimited powers in North America.

The same lack of certainty of touch is shown in some of Simpson's entries on the clerks, where again the question of suitability for promotion (to Chief Trader) dominated both the Character Book entries and such private correspondence of the clerks with each other which has survived. It is true that some of those considered by Simpson as fit for promotion did not have to wait long for their Chief Traderships – Nicol Finlayson, Richard Hardisty, James Hargrave, John McLeod, and that rising figure in the Company's service, James Douglas (tipped by Simpson for a Chief Factorship, an unusual long-range forecast for him to make about a clerk). But others, such as Simpson's own relatives, Thomas and Alexander Simpson, and John Ballenden, had to wait some years, and were anticipated by a whole string of clerks who in 1832 Simpson clearly did not consider as serious candidates for promotion.

Among the clerks feelings ran high on the subject of promotion, and Simpson inevitably found himself the centre of both hope and resentment on this score. It is no coincidence that some of the bitterest attacks on Simpson from within the Company – from George Barnston, John McLean, John Tod – had their origins in frustration at the denial of promotion. In a sense their blaming of Simpson for this was unjustified; as the delay Cameron and Ross experienced in moving up a rank showed, the governor's powers in this respect were subject to very real limitations. Authoritarian in temper Simpson may have been, but in the 1830s his role was closer to that of a politician working within a constitutional system than an autocrat. His advice to McTavish in 1832 on the subject of handling councils showed that persuasion was more effective a tactical weapon than the bludgeon: 'keep temper and do not allow yourself be drawn into altercation wt any of those who may be there: you can gain neither honor nor glory by quarrelling wt them but can twist them round your finger by setting about it properly.' Like all politicians working within limitations not of their own devising, Simpson

found it easier to make promises than to fulfil them. To retain good men, sometimes even mediocre men, Simpson had to hold out hope of promotion; and circumstances rather than his own inclinations often prevented him making good those pledges. As he told Angus Cameron in 1832: 'We have no promotions this year nor is there any immediate prospect of a vacancy in the Chief Factorship which I regret as some of our great men are now becoming worse than useless and several men of considerable merit are kept in the background and becoming very dissatisfied.' This particular problem was to be eased somewhat by the new Deed Poll of 1834, which put into effect several of the reforms which Simpson had been urging. As the London Committee acknowledged in a letter to him, it was in the absurd and unsatisfactory position that it could not dismiss any commissioned officer, 'however old, infirm, imbecile or troublesome he may be'. Under the revised Deed Poll the Company itself was empowered to appoint Chief Factors and Chief Traders if it saw fit, to retire existing ones after a certain length of service, and if it wished to reduce the number of Chief Factors to sixteen.

Among the eighty-eight clerks listed in the Character Book only a few could expect promotion; but Simpson devoted much care to delineating the character and ability of the rest, permanently consigned though they were to a wage-earning rather than profit-sharing role with the Company. The entries on these obscure figures are of considerable interest and fascination: from being featureless names in the official records they come to fleeting life in the trenchant entries of the Character Book. Only a few can be mentioned here:

Leslie Bryson. An Irishman . . . Was attached to the Commissariat in the Peninsular War, but I should think in one of the lowest capacities. Says he has been a 'Merct.' but was unfortunate: is evidently a fellow who has been accustomed to live from hand to mouth by his Wits. Deals in the Marvellous but his fiction is harmless . . .

Thomas Dears. A Londoner . . . A flippant, superficial, trifling creature – who lies more frequently than he speaks the truth, can take a Glass of Grog and I strongly suspect is given to pilfering: altogether a low scampish fellow, but active, can make himself useful either at a Trading Post or Depot and has a facility in acquiring a smattering of the Indian Languages. Was picked up in Canada during the opposition when character was not much enquired into and I suspect him a Gentleman's Servant 'out of place'.

Erland Erlandson. A Dane . . . Was bred a ship Carpenter in the Dock Yard of Copenhagen and entered the Service as a labourer from one of the Prison Ships at Chatham where he was a Prisoner of War. A steady painstaking well behaved man who has improved himself very much since he came to this country, writes a good hand, expresses himself well in English either Verbally or

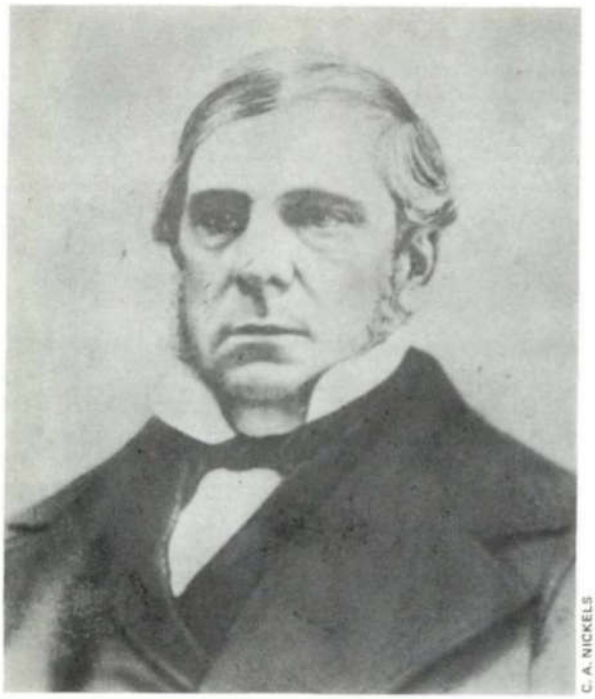
B. C. ARCHIVES

John Tod: 'a tolerable Clerk . . . Has experienced much privation in New Caledonia which has injured his constitution . . . is coarse in his manner and has a vulgar habit of swearing'. From a undated water-colour, perhaps done in London at the time of his marriage.

by Letter for a Foreigner and is a shrewd Sensible Man . . . indeed a superior man in many respects to some of our Councillors, and whom I should like to see promoted in due time as a reward for his meritorious conduct and in order to shew that it is to Character & Conduct we principally look in our Elections: but being a Foreigner and raised from the ranks I suspect it will be a difficult matter to get him the number of Votes necessary.

Francis Ermatinger. A stout active boisterous fellow who is a tolerable clerk and trader and qualified to be useful where bustle and activity without any great exercise of judgment are necessary. Talks a little at random but will not descend to a deliberate falsehood. Got into disgrace lately in consequence of having employed one of the Company's Servants in cutting off the Ears of an Indian who had had an intrigue with his Woman, but which would not have been thought so much of, had it been done by himself in the heat of passion or as a punishment for Horse Stealing.

Thomas Fraser. A North Briton, still as raw and unpolished as when he left his Fathers Hut in the Highlands of Scotland. Can Read and Write which is about



C. A. NICKELS

Francis Ermatinger: 'Got into disgrace lately in consequence of having employed one of the Company's Servants in cutting off the Ears of an Indian'. ✓

the extent of his literary acquirements and is a very steady well conducted man who manages his little post with great regularity and Oeconomy . . . A strong hardy fellow who can live where an Indian would Starve, and so careful of his own means that he has saved about £4000 out of his Saly since he came to the Country which to a man in his Walk of Life is a fortune.

John Hutchinson. A tolerable Clerk and Trader, but Weak delicate and not adapted for Severe or active Service. 'Twas suspected a few years ago that he was becoming addicted to private tippling; I did not however press an enquiry into the matter as the Young Man in other respects bore a good character and was related to the late Mr Semple of this country, but appointed him to McKenzies River where it is impossible to be otherwise than Sober as no intoxicating liquor of any description has been admitted into that District since the Year 1824.

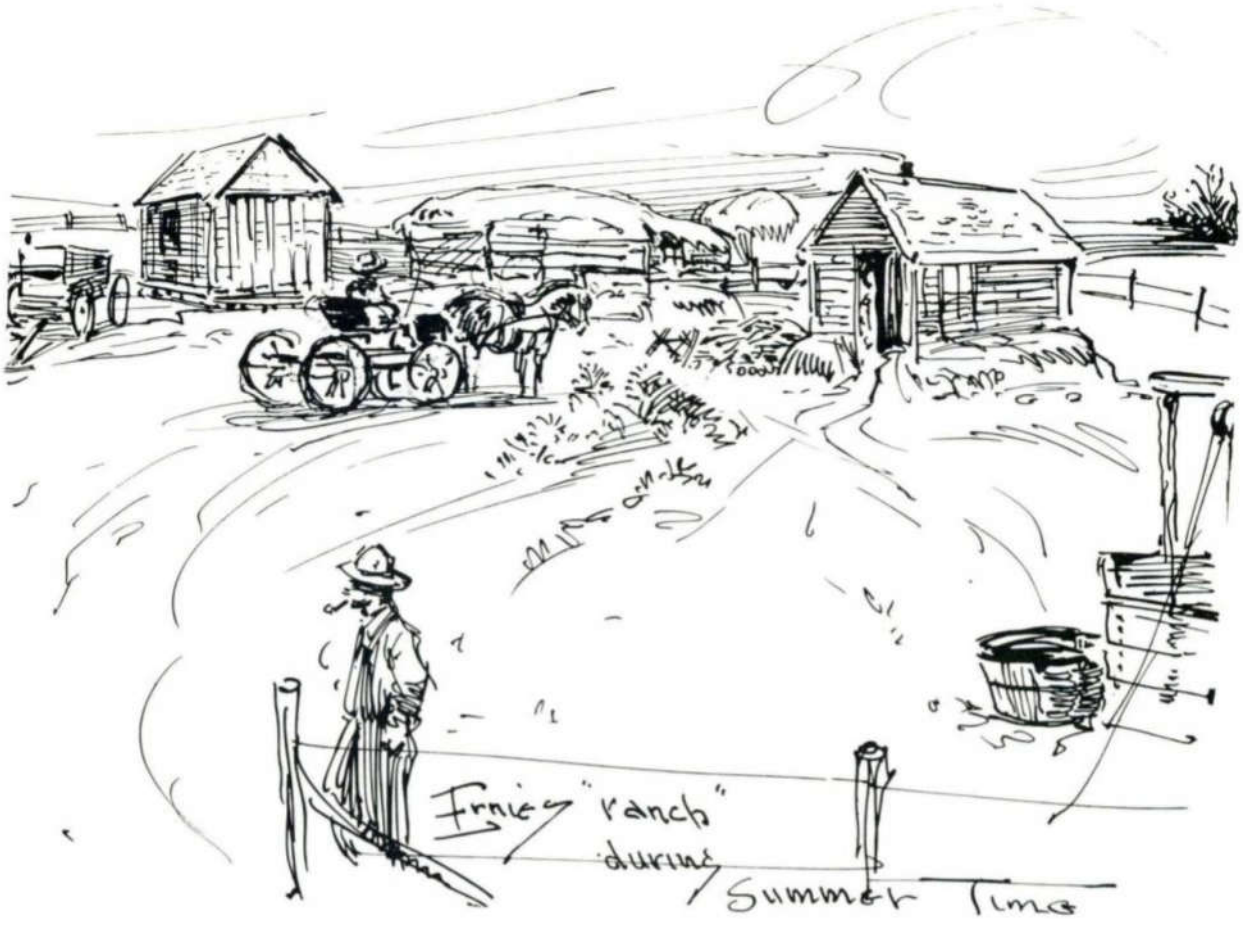
Antoine Hamel. A stout strong illiterate common kind of fellow who was employed during the opposition in River St Maurice because he could walk well on Snow Shoes and had the name of being a tolerable bruiser. Can drink, tell lies and Swear.

Charles McKenzie. A queer prosing long winded little Highland body, who traces his lineage back to Ossian and claims the Laureatship of Albany District . . . Never was a bright active or useful man even when there was a greater Dearth of talent in the country than now, but fancies himself neglected in being still left on the list of Clerks notwithstanding a Servitude of nearly 30 years.

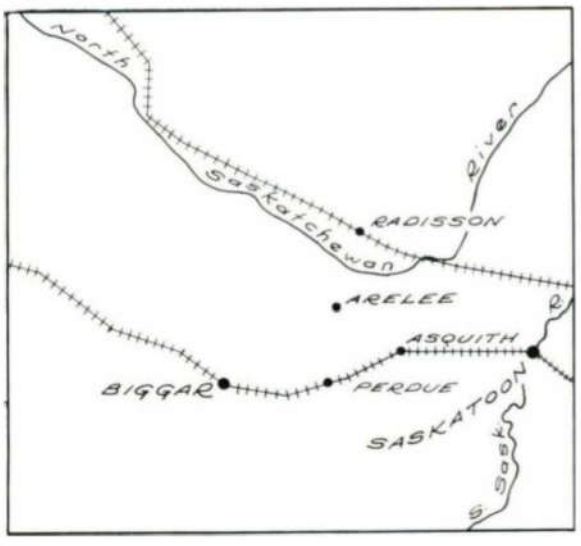
Thomas McKay. A half breed of the Saulteaux Tribe . . . Lame in consequence of a Deslocation of the Knee notwithstanding which he is very active, one of the best Shots in the Country and very cool and resolute among Indians. Has always been employed on the most desperate service in the Columbia and the more desperate it is the better he likes it. He is known to every Indian in that Department and his name along it is a host of Strength carrying terror with it as he has sent many of them to their 'long home'.

Charles Ross. A good classical scholar and a man of very correct conduct but so nervous at times that it is quite painful to see him. Very Slovenly both in business and in his appearance . . . I have often thought that he was not quite of Sound Mind and am much mistaken if he has not shown decided symptoms of Madness altho it has been carefully concealed by those about him.

How then can we assess the Character Book in its totality? It is of course a unique document. It reveals the private thoughts of George Simpson on the men who, whatever their faults, served the Hudson's Bay Company during the period of its greatest territorial expansion in North America. It provides information and insights which would be otherwise inaccessible, and together with the private correspondence of the Company men gives an added dimension to that obtained from the meticulous but inevitably restrained official Company documentation. The men listed appear, not as names in a report or signatures at the end of a letter or journal, but as individuals with their own personalities, often fallible, sometimes frail and eccentric. The Character Book presents us with a rich gallery of individual types, ranging from the few austere 'men of business' such as Keith and Finlayson to the 'grog-drinkers' and wastrels who, in Simpson's view, cluttered the lower echelons of the fur trade. The light which Simpson throws on his subordinates is for the most part hard and ungenerous; and the Character Book for all its importance is a document to be approached warily. It tells us as much about Simpson as the men he described; it reveals a phenomenal memory, but also the prejudices, dislikes, and contempts of an observer whose feelings for his fellow men were circumscribed by his own inhibitions and narrowness of personality. Yet even as a revelation of Simpson the Character Book needs to be handled with caution. It exposes Simpson at his worst, writing under the stress of personal, family, and business tensions. One noticeable feature which emerges from a study of the Character Book is the contrast often apparent between Simpson's merciless dissection of a man's character and ability in its pages, and his dogged public support of the same man as an employee of the Company. It may well be that the Character Book shows us traits in Simpson's character which were normally hidden from view, but to judge him only by those entries would be as unjust as to evaluate the men listed simply on the strength of Simpson's comments. ◆



LIFE ON THE FARM



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THESE SKETCHES AND QUOTATIONS are from letters written in 1913-14 by Augustine 'Gus' Lambert to his family in England. Gus, at 19, followed his twin brother Tony to the prairies of the Canadian West and for about a year worked near him on the farm of Ernie Jennings at Arelee, northwest of Saskatoon.

'I don't get time to do much "careful" sketches!' he wrote. 'Only just enough to give you an impression of things out West.' He assured his mother that he was in 'first rate health', that he washed his feet 'deuced often' and that he had gone through three pairs of overalls already – 'had them torn by [fencing] wire.'

'You can't understand how rough and tumble it is out here . . . Of course its hard work farming – as you say – but it is a fine healthy occupation, not without its responsibilities and worries by a long way.'

In December 1914, Gus Lambert joined the First Canadian Mounted Rifles. He took his training at Saskatoon and Camps Sewell and Hughes in Manitoba, and went overseas with his regiment in November 1915.

In April 1917, he was killed in action at Vimy Ridge.

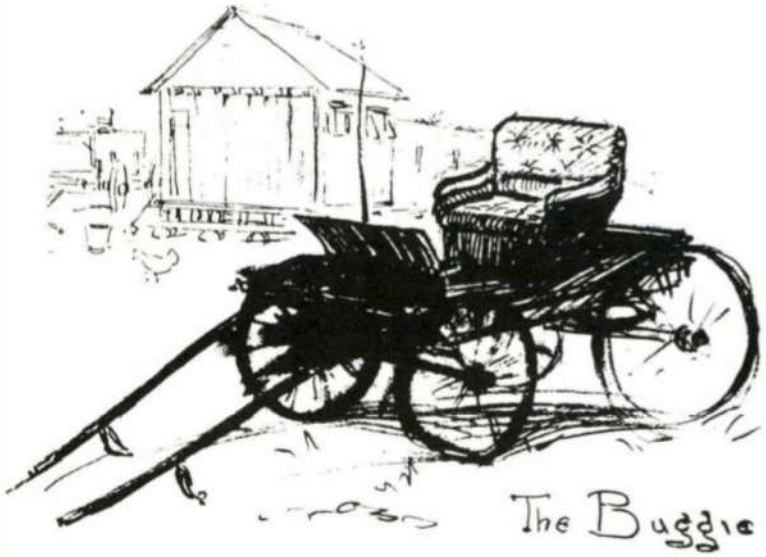
Tues. 1913

Arelee P.O.
Asquith

It's raining like the deuce today – so have quit threshing – The gang are now lying around the shack in various picturesque positions.

The outfit isn't going too good just now. The separator went on the hum yesterday – broke some of her innards.

The first afternoon we began threshing on Ernie's, my team – Connie & Flora, the Bronco – ran away with an empty rack. Ran 12 miles I guess and ended by going in the creek. Flora broke her back & 2 or 3 ribs – had to be shot. Connie escaped altogether. Deuced unfortunate my being in charge of the team – but it wasn't my fault – as every one on the outfit knows. Ernie was driving by in the buggy with [his horse] Dan. He shouted to Dan 'Get up' and then of course off went my team to beat hell – just went like the wind. I sprinted after them by the side of the rack – Ernie shouting out to me to stop as he was afraid of my getting knocked over. So I just eased up. Ernie going as hard as he can pelt in the buggy after them. We all lost sight of them till Ernie came back with the news that they were in the creek. Jack & Tony hit off home to get a gun and rope etc. .



While I go home with the remainder of the gang to get supper . . . I can tell you one has to be pretty slick. The outfit gets hungry and tired by meal time.

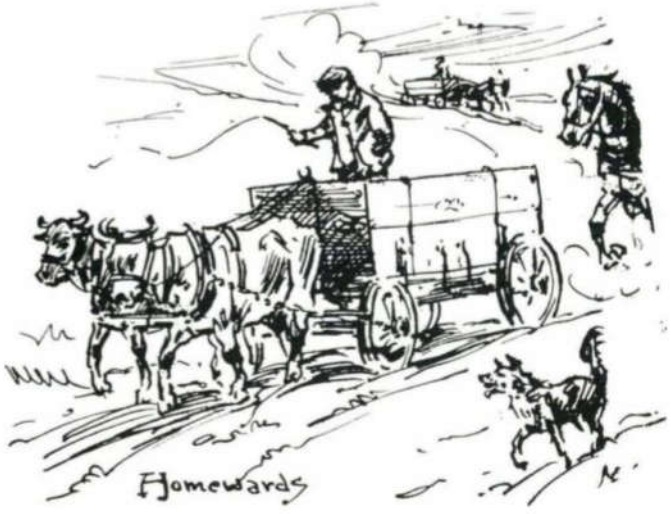
Ernie and others came home about 10:30 with 1 horse and what was left of the waggon & rack.

I guess Ernie is straight enough not to attach any blame to me but if he does – by Jove I'll tell him – I'd just quit right now if he did.

'The washing is all right. Mrs Dixon (A Londoner – Putney! how small the world is to be sure) lives up north of us, does it all for the bachelors around here. The Dixon family have only taken up a homestead a year – so they're sort of struggling along. She's just fine though.

'She also does the bread for us – all mending of clothes are sent to her. She's very reasonable – charges can only pay for the soap I should think.'

'Going up to the Dixons with the flour for bread. Keep it dry!'

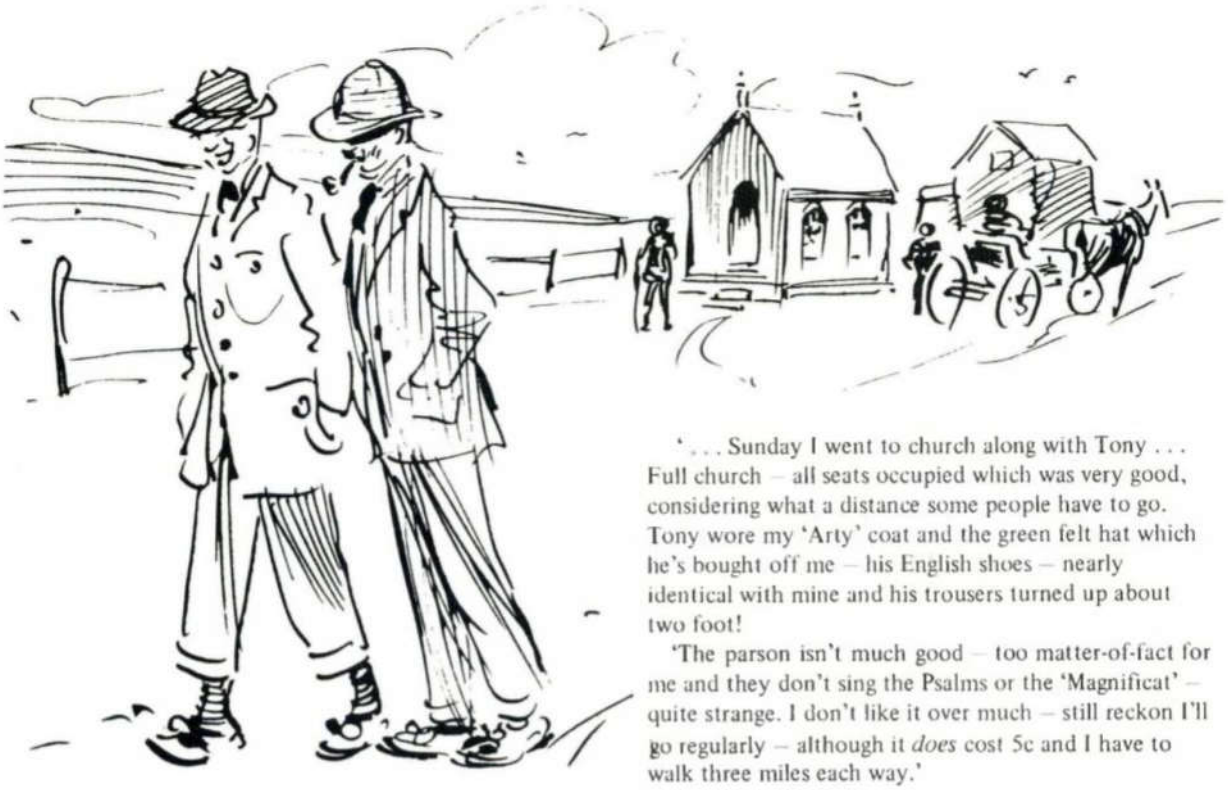


'Those two brown & white ones [oxen] made the trip of 32 miles into Radisson in a day – with a load both ways! not bad for oxen eh? – even horses can't do better than that.'

'Ernie is thinking seriously of selling his oxen! and getting horses instead – just hope he will. I'm sure I've no wish to haul wheat to Perdue with oxen – with the thermometer at 50 below!'

'I'm now hauling wheat with a tank and 4 horses, which is quite a go up I can tell you. Ernie said 'Gus, do you think you could manage 4?' 'I guess so.' So next day I go into town with 4 and a tank – some sort of a wide awake job at first, you bet. Ernie tried at first – nearly wrecked the tank and whole outfit! Tony hasn't had 4 into town yet, so I've skinned him there'.

'Ernie went to town on Wednesday to see his brother Herbert & his newly wed off for the Old Country while I hauled that day. He didn't come back that night and as I was to haul for Phil Wright Thursday I loaded up over night, got home 10:30 then sat up for the horses, as I couldn't see to find them 'til 1:30. Got them in, fed up etc. then as I had to be at the [railway] car by 10 o'clock – as they were due to go out that morning – I made a night of it – fed up again at 4:30 and out at 6:30! Got to the "Pit" and unloaded. Then the other teams came along. Meanwhile in comes the engine to pull off the cars – awful rush in consequence. We just worked like demons I can tell you. Anyhow we got the car loaded.'



'. . . Sunday I went to church along with Tony . . . Full church – all seats occupied which was very good, considering what a distance some people have to go. Tony wore my 'Arty' coat and the green felt hat which he's bought off me – his English shoes – nearly identical with mine and his trousers turned up about two foot!

'The parson isn't much good – too matter-of-fact for me and they don't sing the Psalms or the 'Magnificat' – quite strange. I don't like it over much – still reckon I'll go regularly – although it *does* cost 5c and I have to walk three miles each way.'

'Thanks for the offer of night shirts – guess one or possibly 2 would be useful in the winter but I wear my shirt now! Tony does too. You see we don't have time to go into particulars like that!'

'Reckon you'll have to make me a pair of trousers for the winter – let's know the cost – for mercy's sake don't get the *most* expensive stuff – although I guess you know what you're doing right enough. I don't reckon my kit got so very black travelling up here – at all events Mrs Dixon's made a dandy job of that best shirt of dad's.

'My feet don't get tired. It's just shouting at the oxen and taking in the dust that makes one feel rather tired – that's nothing though . . .'

'Spring has started so I guess I'd better quit – as its 5 o'clock now every morning – as we're getting busy. There are swarms of frogs around now . . . make a fine sleeping song.

'Gohpers are out in the hundreds now – so when they get a family going – mercy knows how many there won't be.'

ALL LOVE

Gus

TREATY TIME AT FORT RAE

1939 and 1974

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD FINNIE

A Dogrib mother and child, 1939.

DURING A FILM-MAKING TOUR of the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories in the summer of 1939, I spent a fortnight at Fort Rae as a house guest of the manager of the Hudson's Bay Company trading post.

Fort Rae lies at the junction of Marian and Russell lakes on the north arm of Great Slave Lake, and it was then one of the most isolated communities in the region. It could be reached by boat in summer and dog-team in winter, but even after the advent of bush planes in the late 1920s, pilots often shunned it in summer because of the hazards of low water and rocks. (In those days all planes operating in the Mackenzie District were equipped with skis in winter and floats in summer; there were no landing strips for planes on wheels until 1942.)

I arrived in a float plane which was en route to Great Bear Lake from the new gold-mining settlement of Yellowknife, sixty miles to the southeast. My pilot set his plane down a respectful distance from shore and kept it there just long enough for me to scramble into a waiting skiff, then hastily took off. I was doubtful

An aerial view of central Fort Rae in the summer of 1939. The church, lower right, was built in 1925 and is still in use. Near the shore at the far left are foundations and lumber for the hospital, which by 1974 was obsolete and condemned. Vegetable gardens at left of church and beyond are now abandoned.

whether I would ever see him or any of his confrères again.

Fort Rae, named for the H B C arctic explorer, Chief Factor John Rae (1813-93), is nearly twenty miles north of its original site. It served in its early years mainly as a depot for the accumulation of caribou skins to be distributed among other posts for the making of winter clothing. Trapping was always carried on, and plenty of fish could be caught locally to feed people and their dogs. The settlement was the headquarters of the Dogribs, one of the main Athabascan tribes of the Mackenzie District.

At the time of my first visit, Fort Rae had two trading posts, a detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a Roman Catholic mission (founded in 1859) with an imposing church, and a few log or squared-timbered cabins. Foundations were being laid for a new Catholic hospital. There were only a dozen or so white people, most of whom employed natives as interpreters and helpers. I clearly remember Post Manager Robert Dodman of the H B C (my host); Jack McLellan, a semi-retired trader and trapper; Jim Darwish, a Syrian-born trader; Constable Carter of the RCMP; and Father Nicolas Laperrière, a twenty-seven-year resident.

Late in June, when I arrived, the only Indians around were those working for the traders, plus a few who were ill or disabled by old age. Most of the men, women, and children of the Dogrib band, numbering some 750, were scattered among small lakes and rivers to the north, where they hunted and trapped. They came back to Fort Rae only several times a year to trade, and for special occasions. Foremost among the special occasions was Treaty Time, which in 1939 was to be early in July.

Treaty Time was inaugurated in the summer of 1921, when the chiefs and councillors of the Indian bands of the Mackenzie District signed a treaty document whereby they would 'cede, release, surrender and yield up to the Government of the Dominion of Canada, for His Majesty the King and his successors forever, all their rights, titles and privileges whatsoever' to the land which they and their ancestors had always regarded as their own. In return, they would have the right 'to pursue their usual vocations of hunting, trapping and fishing throughout the tract surrendered, subject to such regulations as may from time to time be made by the government of the country . . . and saving and excepting such tracts as may be required or taken up from time to time for settlement, mining, lumbering, trading or other purposes.'

Reserves were to be set aside for each band, but portions of these or other lands 'as may be required for public works, buildings, railways, or roads of whatsoever nature may be appropriated for that purpose by His Majesty's Government of the Dominion of Canada, due compensation being made to the Indians for the value of any improvements thereon'.

Provision was made for the paying of teachers' salaries, giving out of equipment for hunting, fishing and trapping, or assistance for agricultural pursuits. There was no mention of health care, which was introduced afterwards.

There were immediate, tangible rewards: 'And in order to show the satisfaction of His Majesty with the behaviour and good conduct of his Indian subjects, and in extinguishment of all their past claims hereinabove mentioned, he hereby, through his Commissioner, agrees

Dr J. H. Riopel, district Indian agent in 1939, sits at a flag-draped table to confer with Chief Jimmy Bruneau (pipe upside down) of the Fort Rae Dogrib band and his councillors prior to the paying of the treaty money.

to give to each chief a present of thirty-two dollars in cash, to each headman twenty-two dollars, and to every other Indian of whatever age of the families represented, at the time and place of payment, twelve dollars.'

In subsequent years the payments in cash were to be 'to each chief twenty-five dollars, to each headman fifteen dollars and to every other Indian of whatever age five dollars, to be paid only to heads of families for the members thereof'.

Each chief was also to receive 'once and for all' a silver medal, a flag, and a copy of the Treaty; 'and during the coming year, and every third year thereafter, each chief and headman shall receive a suitable suit of clothing.'

The treaty document was signed successively at seven of the principal settlements along the Mackenzie River and, finally, at Fort Rae.

Eighteen years later, in 1939, I watched families straggle to the rocky shore in canoes and skiffs laden with dogs, camping gear, bundles of fur and clothing. A few had their own log cabins into which they could

While drummers maintain an exciting rhythm and everyone chants, players of the Dogrib hand game take turns juggling and hiding tokens. This was in 1939 when the stakes were only matches, officially; now the game is played for money.

move, but many set up tents and portable stoves, and shortly Fort Rae was teeming with life.

The women busied themselves with firewood-gathering, cooking, moccasin-making, net-mending, and caring for their young children. Some of the boys went swimming. The men set gill nets in narrows between the several adjacent islands over which the settlement spread, where whitefish and lake trout were running. Then they gravitated to the H B C post or Jim Darwish's store with their catches of marten, mink, lynx, fox, wolf, wolverine, beaver, and muskrat skins to trade for rifles and ammunition, nets and traps, and staples such as flour, sugar, baking powder, matches, tea and tobacco, pots and pans.

Pleased with his volume of business and the payment of outstanding debts, Post Manager Dodman announced to Chief Jimmy Bruneau that he would contribute supplies for a feast and tea dance. Tents were set up for the preparation and serving of food, and towards evening hundreds of people clustered around them and sat on the ground. After Chief Bruneau had made a speech, freshly-baked biscuits, preserves, fish and meat, and tea were passed. The feast went on for two hours.

Several sixteen-inch, single-headed drums were tuned near a fire, and then their players, holding them by crossed sinews at the backs of the frames, set up a steady beat with sticks flattened at the ends, and two parallel tightly-stretched sinews across the head of each drum caused a compelling reverberation. First the men, and then the women, got to their feet and formed an ever-widening circle as they shuffled clockwise in unison, chanting all the while. This was the tea dance as practiced for generations. It continued through the twilight of midnight and early dawn of the subarctic summer, until the church bell summoned the faithful to mass. (During Treaty Time, mass was celebrated twice a day on weekdays, three times on Sundays.)

Through the next day or two, traditional hand games were played in tents. Drummers maintained an exciting rhythm, a little faster than a human heartbeat, and they and the players sang and chanted. Squatting on their haunches, two facing rows of men (women did not participate) took turns concealing tokens under a cloth, juggling them from one hand to the other. The cloth was suddenly discarded as opposing players pointed at one closed fist or the other. Thus was a point won or lost. Officially, the stakes were only matches, but unofficially they could be anything.

Everybody was waiting for the Indian agent. After a few days a small schooner landed. In it was Dr J. H. Riopel, his wife, and several visiting priests and nuns. He was the district Indian agent as well as a government medical officer, stationed at Fort Resolution on the south shore of Great Slave Lake. He immediately went to work.

A Dogrib woman repairs a gill net at Fort Rae, 1939.

In his role as medical officer he first examined and treated everyone who complained of any illness, and even did some emergency dentistry.

Then, as Indian agent, he presided at a flag-draped table placed at the rear of a large tent. He was flanked by one or two interpreters and Constable Carter. Chief Bruneau entered with his councillors, or sub-chiefs, and delivered a state-of-the-band speech which was followed by a general discussion of problems and possible solutions. Indians filled the tent and overflowed to the adjacent area.

In 1974, only one group of eight men was found sitting on the ground in a small tent, chanting and playing hand games without drum accompaniment.

Next came the paying of treaty money. The constable had before him stacks of new one-dollar bills. Each family representative submitted identity cards, which were returned with the requisite number of bills counted by the constable, and the procedure was repeated until the 677 Indians who were then at Fort Rae had received a total of $3,645, including the extra amounts paid to the chief and his councillors. (Other eligible Indians still in the bush could collect their money later.)

Thus ended Treaty Time. Within the ensuing few days, most of the people broke camp and dispersed.

To my pleased surprise, a plane called for me and I completed my rounds of settlements as far north as Aklavik. From my summer's shooting a general film on the Mackenzie District entitled 'Northwest Frontier' was produced under the aegis of the newly-established National Film Board. For my own use I put together a separate film on Fort Rae, but because of immediate commitments I shelved it and through the years it disappeared.

In the summer of 1972, I received a letter from C. Gerald Sutton, legal adviser to the Indian Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories – a self-help organization. Writing from Yellowknife and addressing me in care of *THE BEAVER*, he asked questions about an article of mine that he had found in the issue of March 1940: 'Treaty Time at Fort Rae'.

This was a curious coincidence, for my long-lost film had just then come to light in the house of Guy Potter, an old Ottawa friend, in whose attic it had been stored and forgotten. In my reply I mentioned the film, and this led to my providing the Indian Brotherhood with a copy along with a companion set of still photographs. The film was shown repeatedly in Yellowknife and Fort Rae. The Dogribs were entranced to see this resurrected record of themselves (if they were then born), their families and friends as they appeared in 1939.

These developments gave me an urge to be on hand for Treaty Time at Fort Rae once again after thirty-five years. Gerry Sutton paved the way, and on 12 July 1974, I took off from my home near San Francisco and flew to Yellowknife, which would be my base of operations.

What I remembered as a raw frontier mining camp of tents and shacks had become a bustling little city and the capital of the Northwest Territories, with paved streets, traffic lights, parking meters, high-rise buildings, and such niceties as Kentucky Fried Chicken.

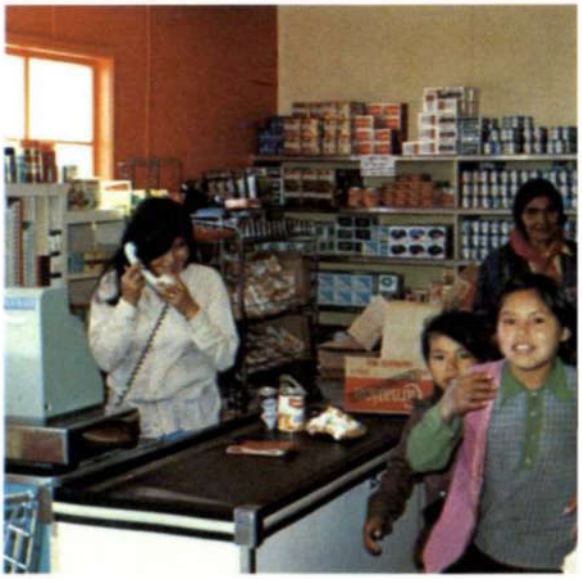
Crown Prosecutor Orval Troy, Q.C., a chance seat companion on the final stage of my flight from Edmonton, and his wife, long-time residents of Yellowknife, extended their hospitality to me and another new arrival, Eileen Mitchell Thomas, Q.C., of the Department of Justice, Ottawa. Beginning an official inspection of the Mackenzie District, Mrs Thomas was eager to visit Fort Rae at Treaty Time and arranged to accompany me there for the first day's proceedings.

The relative isolation of Fort Rae had been broken forever in 1960, when it was linked with Edmonton and Yellowknife by an all-weather road. On the morning of July 15th, in a rented pickup truck, we headed for the settlement. It was a strenuous two-hour drive, with delays here and there caused by construction and maintenance work. A side road led seven miles to Fort Rae, on the approach to which we passed two adornments of modern civilization – a landing strip and a garbage dump. The settlement had grown, and painted cottages of recent vintage far outnumbered the old-style cabins of logs or squared timbers.

I soon recognized the church and adjacent buildings, which were on the way to the H B C post, our immediate destination. Our truck was filled with loaves of fresh bread we had brought from Yellowknife as a favour to the current post manager, Dan Marion. The modest little post I had known in 1939 had been replaced by a supermarket.

There, Indians were gathering purchases from well-stocked shelves and taking them in carts to two check-out counters presided over by local women. Cash was paid or charge accounts were used; long gone were the days of barter. Almost everything imaginable in the way of merchandise that anyone in the North could use was on display, from clothing, canned goods, and utensils to outboard motors. There was also a variety of imported meats, and frozen or fresh vegetables, and even pelletized dog food. Formerly the Dogribs caught all the fish they needed for themselves and their dogs, using it fresh or splitting and sun-drying it. I saw no nets set in the narrows any more, nor drying racks along the shore. Formerly the white people in the village cultivated truck gardens, but no longer, as far as I could see.

Robert Dodman, manager of the H B C store at Fort Rae in 1939, appraises furs brought in to trade. Dippers and pots were hung from the ceiling to conserve space in the small building.



Clerk Theresa Smallgeese at the checkout counter in the modern 'Bay' store in Fort Rae, telephones the office to check a customer's credit balance.

Dan Marion gave us some highlights of his business. Apart from broad Company policies he was his own boss on a day-to-day basis in stocking and running his store. As we already knew, his bread came from a Yellowknife bakery, but his other supplies, except clothing from Montreal, came from wholesalers in Edmonton. He ordered them by long-distance telephone and they were trucked right to his warehouse at the store.

Marion's fur-trading took only a few days several times a year, he told us, and the catch remained fairly constant. He baled his skins, but not with the old press I remembered; it had gone to a museum at Fort Smith. Fur bales used to be inspected and sealed by the R.C.M.P.; now, the kinds and numbers of skins being shipped to market were simply reported by telephone to a territorial game office in Yellowknife.

We walked to a sports field alongside the church, where a large marquee had been set up. At one end of it was a table covered with a Canadian flag. The remaining space was filled with folding chairs. A few people were wandering around or standing expectantly outside. Among them was Walter A. Gryba, regional representative of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. In effect, he was the Indian agent – a title no longer officially applied. With a small staff, he had the responsibility of dealing with the chief and his councillors and paying the annual treaty money. Also present, in red serge and stetson, was a corporal of a local R.C.M.P. two-man detachment.

The proceedings had been scheduled to start at two p.m., but not until three did Chief Alexis Arrowmaker and his councillors appear, riding in a sedan from a part of the village several hundred yards away. Having shaken hands all around, Chief Arrowmaker, his councillors, and the government officials, seated themselves at the flag-draped table.

Joining the group was Father Jean Pochat, O.M.I., who bore no resemblance to the bearded, black-robed priests of an earlier era. He was clean-shaven and in casual dress with no clerical identification. Of Swiss birth and upbringing, he had been in the Northwest Territories nearly twenty years. He had a thorough command of the Dogrib dialect but declined to interpret unless one of the official native interpreters got stumped. He had before him a voluminous typed list of all of 3,000 Dogribs, living and dead, which he had compiled in some 800 hours. This was the key to treaty payments.

The seats in the tent were filled, and all eyes turned to Chief Arrowmaker. He delivered an opening address in Dogrib, pausing between statements for an English rendering. Obviously, he understood what was being said, and if it didn't satisfy him he would correct it. His words were carefully chosen and eloquently delivered.

He wanted to know about a federal grant of $32,000 to the Fort Rae band, which Gryba said was on the way. This was to be disbursed by the chief and his councillors, and was for the maintenance of an office and for special projects – one of which, as it was to turn out, would be for an appropriate funeral for the revered old chief, Jimmy Bruneau, destined to die six months later.

A point at issue was the new town of Edzo, of which I had previously heard little. Ten miles by road from Fort Rae, it had been created by the federal and territorial governments to give the Dogribs what was considered to be a better location for expansion and drainage. But the chief opposed it, as did most of the older members of the band.

The existing hospital at Fort Rae (the foundations for which I had seen being laid in 1939) was now obsolete and had been condemned. It had thirty-five beds, but a new 'cottage' hospital at Edzo had only twelve. The chief wanted an adequate hospital at Fort Rae. He also wanted better housing for his people here, not at Edzo; and he wanted them to be able to build to meet their own needs, not necessarily according to the specifications of professional planners in Yellowknife or Ottawa.

Chief Arrowmaker deplored the ill-effects of alcohol on his people. Indeed, he had already forbidden them to buy or drink liquor. Alcohol had led to accidents, some of them fatal, and there had been too much rowdyism and law-breaking in the community. He urged that two more police officers be brought in to share the burden of the present two, Corporal Myron Erickson and Constable Ted Tiessen, whose efforts he lauded.

Walter Gryba listened intently all through the speech, answering questions and volunteering to convey to higher authorities any recommendations beyond his scope. He then asked the chief if he and his councillors (among whom was Susie Bruneau, son of the old chief) were ready for the paying of treaty money. The chief assented, and he smiled when reminded that this time he and his councillors would each receive $95 extra for a new formal suit. (The suits worn by chiefs and sub-chiefs used to be ornate, with gold stripes and brass buttons and special black hats; but since Jimmy Bruneau's day, conservative business suits had replaced them except for an occasional jacket with fringe and beadwork.)

The one-dollar bills that had been used for maximum effect in early years of treaty-paying had been given up because of their unwieldiness. Instead, bundles of new five-dollar bills were taken from a dispatch case and counted by Randy Potts, deputy registrar, and Emelda King, Indian Affairs secretary. Cecelia Tatti assisted, as an employee of the Indian Brotherhood.

Chief Arrowmaker and his councillors were paid first. The respective amounts that they and all other treaty Indians received had not changed in a half-century, though other benefits had gradually accumulated through the years. The names of all eligible persons were called out, one after another, from the register. As each applicant stepped forward, he or she was asked to sign a form (the old identity cards were gone). Meanwhile, one or more five-dollar bills were passed to Corporal Erickson, who in turn handed them to the applicant. This routine went on smoothly all afternoon; and somehow the right people always seemed to be in the tent as their names came up.

Leaving for Yellowknife, we detoured to the townsite of Edzo, named for an outstanding chief of the early 19th century. We came upon rows of frame houses, all alike, each with an oil drum for garbage set out on a bare, sandy roadway. All trees had been bulldozed away. The houses were new but already one of them had been gutted by fire. Two small children were playing alongside a garbage can. There was no one else in view. We had been told that some of the young people had moved here, but that the oldsters were boycotting it.

Beyond the housing tract lay a sprawling complex of connecting one- and two-storey buildings. These comprised a school, residence, and hospital. The school, named for old Chief Bruneau, had an enrolment of about 300 children, from kindergarten to grade nine, with living quarters for those whose parents spent most of their time in the bush. The announced cost of finished installation would exceed three million dollars.

Walter A. Gryba, Indian Affairs regional representative, confers with Chief Alexis Arrowmaker of the Dogribs, before the payment of treaty money begins.

Around 180 pupils were being shuttled daily in three buses from Fort Rae to Edzo and back.

The next morning I was picked up at Yellowknife's Gold Range Hotel, where I was staying, to drive back to Fort Rae with Gerry Champagne of Indian Affairs. We found Constable Tiessen handing out the five-dollar bills while Corporal Erickson attended to other duties. The last applicant was paid late in the afternoon.

The Dogrib population had practically doubled since 1939. There were now some 1,350 people, including Métis, most of them permanently based at Fort Rae, with only a few living at lakes to the north. Many of the people under thirty could now speak, read, and write English. Upwards of a hundred had gone south for some of their schooling, and two or more had been to college.

The sound of tribal drums has now been replaced by the music of a rock band. Here the leader David Gon at the microphone practices with John Smith on the rhythm guitar.

A volunteer serves hard-boiled eggs at the Treaty Feast in the Fort Rae Community Hall.

Apart from the inroads of alcoholism and whatever effects an increasing consumption of carbohydrates had on the people, they appeared generally to be in good health. During the paying of treaty money, technicians in a temporary building near the big tent were busy taking chest X-ray pictures as a free and voluntary precautionary service. Colds, influenza, bronchitis, and other respiratory maladies were common, but tuberculosis, once a scourge among northern natives, seemed to have been nearly eliminated.

In 1939, the big feast had preceded the paying of treaty money, but now it was the reverse. There was a day's lull while preparations were being made. Accompanied by Jack Garth, an Indian Affairs visitor from Calgary, I drove from Yellowknife to Fort Rae the morning of the feast. We spent the day in the settlement, absorbing information and taking photographs.

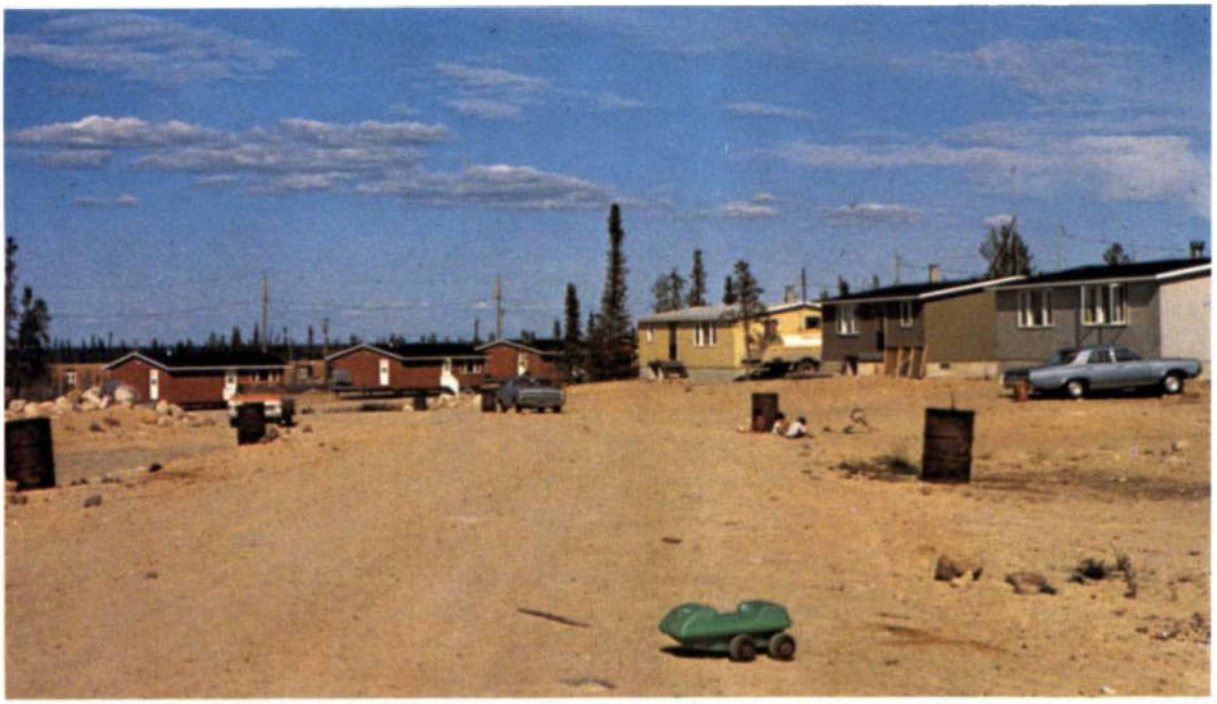
The church was one of my objectives. Built in the 1920s by a craftsman from L'Islet on the St Lawrence, it was still in good condition and had recently been given a fresh coat of paint. While photographing its interior I noted the disappearance of an elevated pulpit from which Father Laperrière, who died in 1955, used to preach. This was the doing of Father Pochat, who wanted to face his parishioners at eye level. He told me that mass was still celebrated every Sunday in the church, and during the week in a small chapel within the mission residence.

There seemed to be less activity around the church than formerly, and I asked Father Pochat whether the Dogribs were reverting to the beliefs of their forebears. 'I wish there would be a tendency for them to go back' he replied, 'but it is my feeling that falling away from the church is just a trend nowadays.'

Two parties of tourists in station wagons hauling house trailers strayed off the main highway and stopped near the old church, having reached a dead end. They had driven all the way from Ohio and had no idea where they were. Municipal Manager Peter Anderson came to their rescue and directed them to Yellowknife. This incident pointed up the fact that Fort Rae was not yet geared for tourists. It had no trailer park, no hotel or motel, and its only public eating place was a sandwich shop in a trailer combination with a pool table, juke box, pinball machines, and a small stock of groceries.

I was on the lookout for the hand games I had watched with fascination in 1939, but found only one. Eight men were seated on the ground in a small tent, chanting and playing the game but without drum accompaniment. Though they could now play legally for money instead of matches, as of yore, their chanting was desultory and the game was interspersed with chit-chat, perhaps because of the absence of drummers.

While there were no tribal drums in action at the time, we heard sounds of drums of another sort coming



The residential section of Edzo, the new community created by government to give the Dogrib people what is considered a better location for drainage and expansion.

from a schoolroom. Entering, we found four young Dogribs in the midst of a practice session of rock-and-roll and country music. The lead guitarist was David Gon, an enterprising chap who had hitchhiked across Canada. With him were John Smith, rhythm guitar; Sam Drybones, bass guitar; and Noel Bishop, drums.

They had microphones, amplifiers and big loudspeakers which, along with their instruments, they were paying for by performing for dances at other settlements. With no formal training, they had gained proficiency by listening to records and radio programs. Fort Rae was the last place I would have expected to find a rock band, but there it was.

The big feast for which we were waiting, was to be held in the Indian Brotherhood Hall, a barn-like structure capable of holding a thousand or more people. We were told that films were regularly screened in it, and that some of the most popular were Westerns, in the course of which the audience invariably cheered the cowboys rather than the Indians.

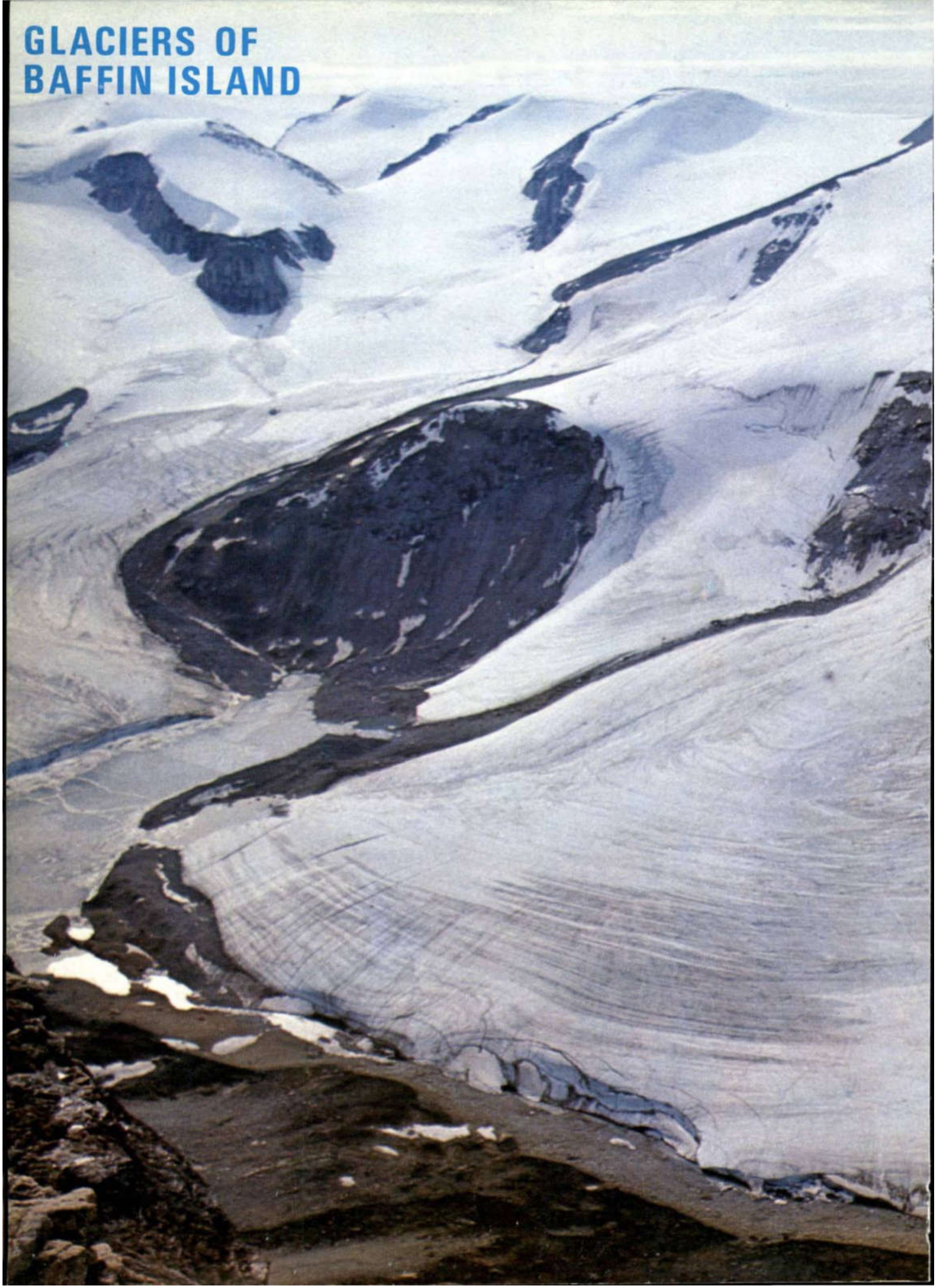
At eight-thirty in the evening we were startled by rifle shots. Shortly, a pickup truck rolled by. In the back was an Indian firing skyward at intervals, summoning everyone to the feast. Within a half-hour the hall was filling up with men, women, and children. They divided themselves into rows on either side of the hall, with the men on one side, the women and children on the other. No tables or chairs were provided. The people squatted on the floor, while between them volunteers unrolled bolts of patterned plastic to serve as tablecloths.

Next, the volunteers walked along the plastic, setting down knives and spoons, cups, dishes and bowls, then distributed boiled rice, canned fruit, oranges, hard-boiled eggs, bread, hardtack, cookies, and tea. There was no meat or fish. As I knew, little fishing was being done locally, but the lack of meat was due to a seasonal shortage of caribou; by September there would be plenty. A few of the groceries were donated by the H B C post manager, the rest by the people themselves.

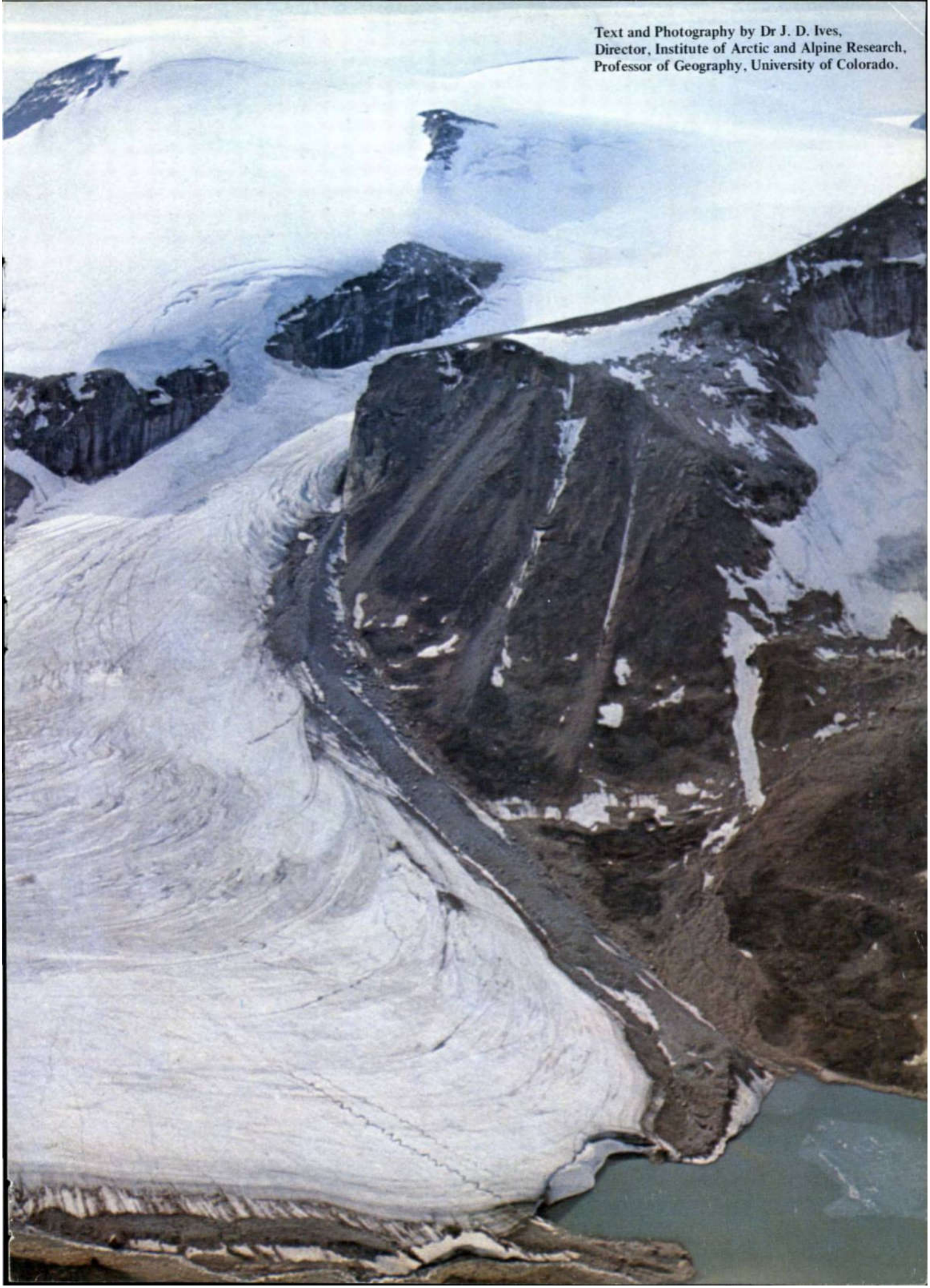
I found a vantage point in a high projection booth at the rear of the hall, where I was able to take pictures through a porthole. Viewing the people, I was struck by the fact that their only unimported items of dress were a few skin jackets or vests and moccasins. The moccasins, usually encased in flat-heeled rubbers, were far less common than manufactured shoes. Formerly, nearly all of the Dogrib women wore head-scarves, but now, though they were still prevalent, many of the younger women and girls had discarded them. Both men and women, who had long been addicted to tobacco, used to smoke pipes or hand-rolled cigarettes. They now puffed on store-bought popular brands.

As the evening wore on, with inadequate ventilation in the crowded hall, the cigarette smoke became too thick for successful photography. It was ten-thirty. I was weary after a strenuous day. Facing the long drive back to Yellowknife, we departed. I was sorry to miss the tea dance that would follow the feast, but in the stuffy hall it would contrast sadly with the dance as I remembered it under the open sky of Fort Rae so long ago. ◆

GLACIERS OF BAFFIN ISLAND



Text and Photography by Dr J. D. Ives,
Director, Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research,
Professor of Geography, University of Colorado.



THE FIRST DAWNING of the next Ice Age will be detected, we believe, on Baffin Island. The island holds the remaining large relic of the last Ice Age in the form of the Barnes Ice Cap, a great mass of ice 90 by 40 miles in extent and up to 2,000 feet thick, remnant of the mighty Laurentide Ice Sheet that covered nearly three-quarters of the land area of Canada some 12,000 to 18,000 years ago.

In the early 1960s it was noticed, through the study of air photographs, that extensive areas of the north-central Baffin Island uplands showed up as light-toned expanses in a mosaic of much darker-toned land. In the field it was determined that this striking difference was due to the very limited cover of rock-lichens in the light-toned areas compared with their almost complete cover of the darker ground. The contrast was particularly sharp, since rock-lichens constitute the predominant vegetation of this essentially cold arctic desert landscape. Mapping of selected areas revealed that up to 70 per cent was occupied by the lighter tone.

The basic cause of this contrast in rock-lichen development was the former existence of a thin, patchy, and incomplete snow and ice cover. The common rock-lichens are extremely slow-growing forms and individual lichen thalli may live for several thousand years, slowly expanding in diameter from original microscopic pin-heads. In an area newly exposed following the melting of an ice sheet, or snow patch, lichens will be some of the first colonizing plants. In the cold arctic deserts they will have little competition from other plants, and will gradually grow until they coalesce to mantle almost the entire rock surface. They gradually darken it as they spread, since their colours (blacks, greys, speckled green-black) are usually darker than the freshly exposed rock surfaces on which they grow.

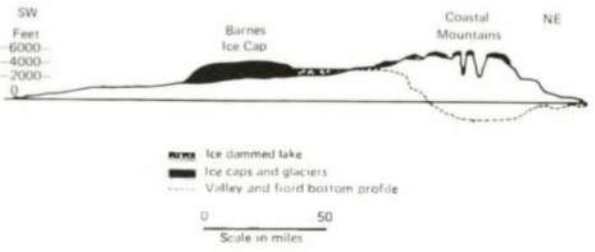
If, through climatic deterioration, a new ice sheet develops and persists for several hundred years, the lichens will be killed. Surrounding areas, not covered by the new ice sheet, will experience continued lichen growth. If the new ice sheet subsequently melts, the area that it occupied will stand out as a light-toned expanse for perhaps several hundred years, until lichen growth gradually diminishes the contrast. This is what happened in north-central Baffin Island where today only 2 per cent of the interior uplands have a cover of permanent ice and snow. Radio-carbon dates obtained from organic debris found emerging from some of these tiny ice-patch remnants, together with age determinations based upon calculated growth rates of the rock-lichens themselves gave us the approximate bracket of A.D. 1600 to 1900 for this development and melting off of the thin ice and snow cover.

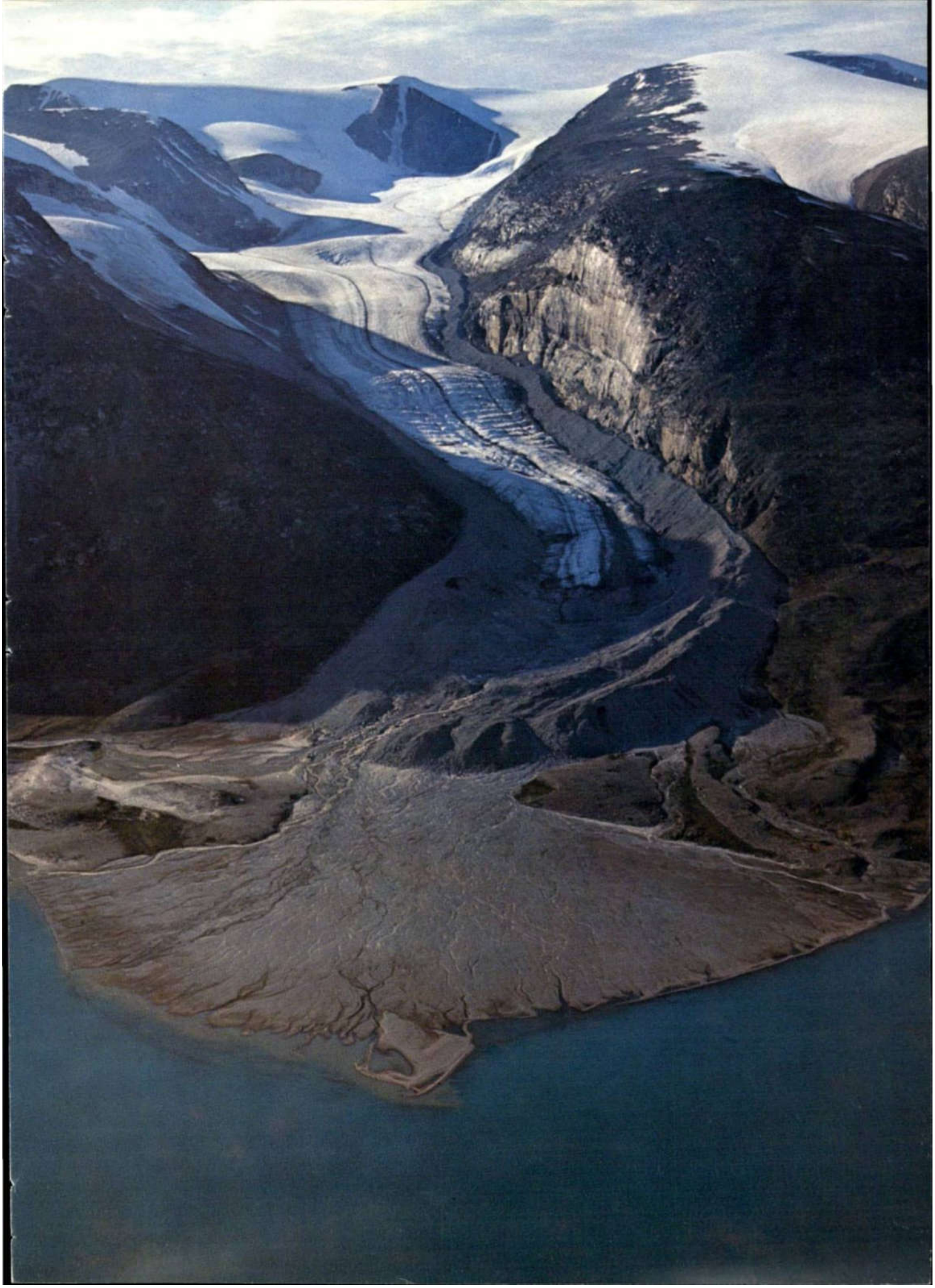
Thin patches of ice and snow would hardly fall within any acceptable definition of the term 'glacier'. Had the relatively severe climate of the period 1600 to 1900 persisted, however, continued growth and amalgamation of the snow and ice patches would have led ultimately to

Several cirque glaciers have joined to produce this valley glacier form at Ayr Lake northwest of Clyde Inlet.

The southern dome of the Barnes Ice Cap; Generator Lake is dammed up against its northeastern margin. See diagram below.

In addition to the rock lichens, 'forests' of dwarf willow 5 inches high (right) and fireweed are some of eastern Baffin Island's most conspicuous vegetation.





Gibbs Fiord is 80 miles long and rises 5,000 feet sheer from the water's edge. The fiord system developed when huge masses of ice were discharged into Baffin Bay from the extensive ice cover that existed 8,000 to 15,000 years ago.

Barnes Ice Cap sits like a great pancake of ice on the central upland of Baffin Island. Ninety miles long, 40 miles wide and 2,000 feet thick, it is a photographic challenge.

This glacier tongue, draining ice fields above, has no conspicuous moraine and appears as extensive today as it ever has been over the past 6,000 to 7,000 years.

In detail the glaciers of Baffin Island are not always smooth streams of ice.

the formation of a large ice sheet. Similarly, it appears that a definite change in climate over the last 15 years or so is witnessing once again the growth of small snowfields and ice patches. At the same time, the larger glaciers and ice caps of the coastal mountains have continued to shrink. This apparent anomaly identifies one of the problems associated with the many previous attempts to use data on earlier glacier fluctuations as a means of determining past changes in climate. Stated simply: the larger the glacier, or ice cap, the slower will be its response to any change in climate. The converse being demonstrably true, we should therefore expect

small ice patches and snowfields to respond almost immediately to relatively modest shifts in climate.

Professor Herman Flohn, the well-known German meteorologist, had independently coined the term 'abortive glaciation' for an event that would place a significant land area on the threshold of an Ice Age. Undoubtedly, the period 1600 to 1900 on Baffin Island had produced such a threshold situation which was halted by the climatic warming of the first half of the twentieth century. And it is worth considering that the great expansion in area of ice and snow occurred, not along the high mountain backbone trending from Cumberland Peninsula along the northeast coast, but across the much lower uplands farther to the southwest which today, apart from the anomalous Barnes Ice Cap, carries very little permanent ice and snow.

The Barnes Ice Cap, an accident of glacial history, sits on the uplands far to the southwest of the height-of-land. It dams up lakes along its northeast margin in some of the major southwest-trending river valleys which, in pre-glacial time, carried streams across the present site of the ice cap to empty into Foxe Basin. The anomalous position of the Barnes Ice Cap can be illustrated best by the statement that, if it could be removed artificially, it would not reform under present climatic conditions. The second characteristic is the close association between high land and distribution of existing glaciers. Despite this overwhelming association, our knowledge of the glacial history of the last several million years indicates that at times of glacial maxima (Ice Age culminations) by far the greatest volume of ice lay over the middle and southwestern portions of Baffin Island and across the present sites of Foxe Basin and Southampton Island. It can also be shown that the highest mountains along the northeast coast, together with significant areas of upland, and even lowland, lying between them and Baffin Bay, remained ice-free. Thus again, the shifting balance in distribution of ice and snow through time, can be emphasized.

Today a wide variety of glacier forms are found on Baffin Island, together with some of the features associated with the greater ice cover of the past. The great natural beauty of many of these features combines with their extensive scientific interest to make them part of the Canadian landscape heritage worthy of much wider appreciation than they have so far attained.

From a purely geological viewpoint, much of what has occurred over the past centuries and millennia can be deduced. In contrast, precise climatic records, at best, are only available from a few localities for the past 30 or 40 years and half of the recording stations have an even shorter period (about 20 years). Nevertheless, enough instrumental data is available for a first look at current precipitation and temperature trends. Thus, during recent years (1966-1972) accumulation season (September through May) temperatures have been very similar to those prevailing 30 to 40 years ago and somewhat higher than characteristic of the intervening period; ablation season (June through August) temperatures have been lower than any experienced for at least 30 years. A marked increase in precipitation, mainly in the form of snow during the winter months, has characterized the last 10 to 15 years. This combination of heavier winter snowfall, with slightly warmer winters, and cooler summers, constitutes an effective climatic shift in favour of increased glaciation. Examination of the record of yearly mean temperature data alone would not reveal this very significant shift. In practice, the early effects of this shift can be seen already in the expansion of snowfields and small ice patches, but it may also be reflected in the much more severe sea-ice conditions that have prevailed in recent years along the northeast coast.

Another set of data, relevant to the study of climatic trends, can be derived from analysis of the height of the freezing level in the atmosphere during the ablation season. Upper air meteorological data for the Canadian Arctic Archipelago indicates that, during the last 20 years, a marked change in freezing-level heights has occurred. This involves a fall in freezing level of between 300 and 1000 feet, varying somewhat from station to

station, with the greatest depression trending in a broad zone from Eureka along the length of Baffin Island to Frobisher. In glaciological terms this means that a much smaller area of the upper parts of the glaciers and ice caps will experience above-freezing temperatures and excessive loss of mass by melting. Of perhaps far greater importance would be the depression of the freezing level below a significant section of the vast plateaus and uplands of Baffin Island. Such would hasten the return of perennial ice and snow to the light-toned areas and the re-emergence of the threshold situation deduced to have existed A.D. 1600 to 1900.

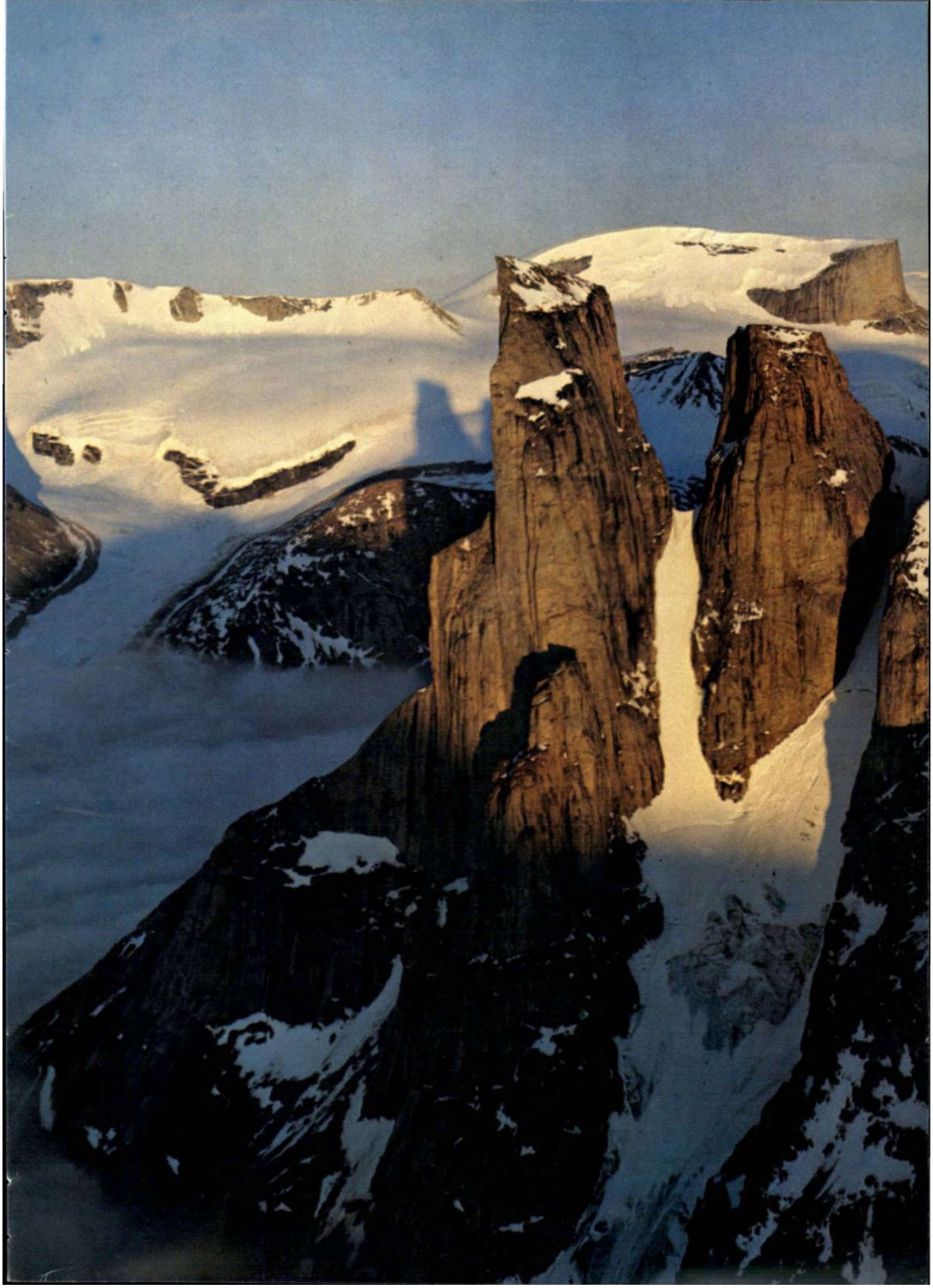
The process of pulling together all these and other lines of evidence, and of using them to predict the future, remains a most uncertain scientific occupation, since the very sensitivity of Baffin Island to relatively small changes in climate would suggest the high chance of reversal of current trends in the near future. Nevertheless, enough is known to indicate that Baffin Island deserves to be recognized as a key climatic 'listening post' because of its sensitivity. Study of satellite imagery, regular air photographs and fieldwork, coupled with maintenance or, preferably, expansion of the network of meteorological stations, could be justified on economic grounds. The current energy crisis is carrying the conviction that climatology has become much more than an academic pastime. National economic predictions will remain less than satisfactory until climatic forecasting (as distinct from weather forecasting) becomes much more reliable. In a very practical manner survival of effective livelihood from Cape Dyer to Arctic Bay can become more and more problematic if the annual sea lift becomes less certain. But of greater importance is the potential role of Baffin Island as a beacon that could warn all of North America of the coming of (to quote the appropriate title of the book by James Houston) another *White Dawn.*

The work reported here in brief has been accomplished as a team effort over the past fifteen years. It has involved the Canadian departments of Energy, Mines and Resources, and Environment, and the University of Colorado's Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research (INSTAAR), as well as colleagues from several other universities. Research grants from the Canadian National Research Council and the United States National Science Foundation and Army Research Office (Durham), have proved invaluable. Dr John T. Andrews has been directing INSTAAR's Baffin Island project since 1968. Drs John T. Andrews, Roger Barry, Raymond Bradley, John Jacobs, Gifford Miller and Olav Løken have accomplished most of the fieldwork, data reduction and scientific publication. The photographs were taken by Dr Jack D. Ives largely in 1966 and 1967 using a Hasselblad camera with helicopter support. David Harrison of Nanaimo, was the helicopter pilot who made the photography possible. ◆

High land and a long history of glaciers produce some of the world's most spectacular landscapes; the fiords of eastern Baffin Island are no exception.

Along the height-of-land many summits approach 6,000 feet and apart from precipitous rock walls, the entire area is heavily mantled in ice.

A small cirque glacier contained in a nearly ideal armchair form.



The 'excavation' on Kodlunarn Island. C. F. Hall in 1861 believed that it was probably the 'commencement of a mine'; the Inuit of that era called it a 'reservoir for fresh water'.

'All is Not Golde that Shineth'

Text and Photographs by Walter Kenyon

A vein of 'red ore' in the Diana Bay mine.

Dr Kenyon is Associate Curator of Ontario Archaeology, Royal Ontario Museum. His book 'Tokens of Possession: The Northern Voyage of Martin Frobisher' will be published this fall.

IN MY LABORATORY at the Royal Ontario Museum, there are 110 pounds of rocks that were gathered up last summer on Baffin Island. They appear to be totally unpretentious, and Dr S. B. Lumbers of our Department of Geology tells me that they have no value whatsoever. Yet they are historically significant because they were collected from the mines and quarries that were worked by Martin Frobisher almost 400 years ago. In the light of modern geological knowledge, it is difficult for us to understand how such insignificant chunks of rock could have been accepted as samples of gold-bearing ore in Elizabethan England. But they surely were.

Martin Frobisher had sailed on his first voyage to the northwest from Blackwall, on 15 June 1576, with 39 men in three small vessels – the *Gabriel*, the *Michael* and an unnamed pinnace of only 10 tons. His objective was to find a passage that would lead around to the north of the firm land of North America, as it was then called, and into the broad Pacific. Although many people had

discussed the possibility of finding such a passage, and Sebastian Cabot may even have attempted it in a small way, Frobisher was really the first person to undertake such a venture. The year before Richard Willes had pointed out that 'the way is dangerous, the passage doubtful, the voyage not thoroughly known'. Yet neither he nor Frobisher realized how long that search would be, nor how many men and ships would be lost in the high northern latitudes before the passage would finally be navigated.

When he returned from his first voyage, he brought with him what Europeans of that date referred to as 'tokens of possession'. These were objects that had been picked up and carried home as proof that he had actually visited some exotic land. Frobisher's 'tokens' were impeccable, including even an Eskimo and his kayak. As no one in England had ever seen such a strange sight before, people flocked from far and wide to see that fur-clad figure and his strange boat. Of more enduring interest, however, was a piece of black rock that had been picked up on a remote island and brought back because its weight suggested that it might contain some mineral. Most of the assayers who examined the rock reported that it was worthless. But Michael Lok, the London merchant who had raised the money for Frobisher's first voyage, persisted. And finally, as was bound to happen, he found an assayer, an Italian named John Baptista Agnello, who assured him that the rock contained valuable quantities of precious metals, mainly gold.

With that magic word at his disposal, Lok had little difficulty in raising funds to field a larger expedition. He even enlisted the support of Queen Elizabeth I, who supplied the venturers with one of her tall ships, the *Ayde,* a vessel of about 200 tons. The search for a northwest passage to the Orient had been largely forgotten by this time, and Frobisher's instructions made it clear that his primary objective was to load his vessels with more of the gold-bearing ore that he had picked up on his first voyage. With the *Ayde* as his flagship, and with the two old barks, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael,* Frobisher sailed from Blackwall on the 26th of May, 1577. This was a well-equipped expedition with a total complement of 141 men.

When they returned in the fall, they told glowing stories of a desolate country that was inhabited by crafty and hostile savages. They talked again of a broad strait that extended far to the west, and which presumably led to the Pacific Ocean. As you sailed into that strait, they reported, you had the firm continent of America on your port side, and the continent of Asia to starboard. But what was even more exciting, particularly to those who had financed the venture, was the incredible richness of those newly discovered lands. Dionyse Settle, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Frobisher on the second voyage, reported that 'the stones of this supposed continent with America, be

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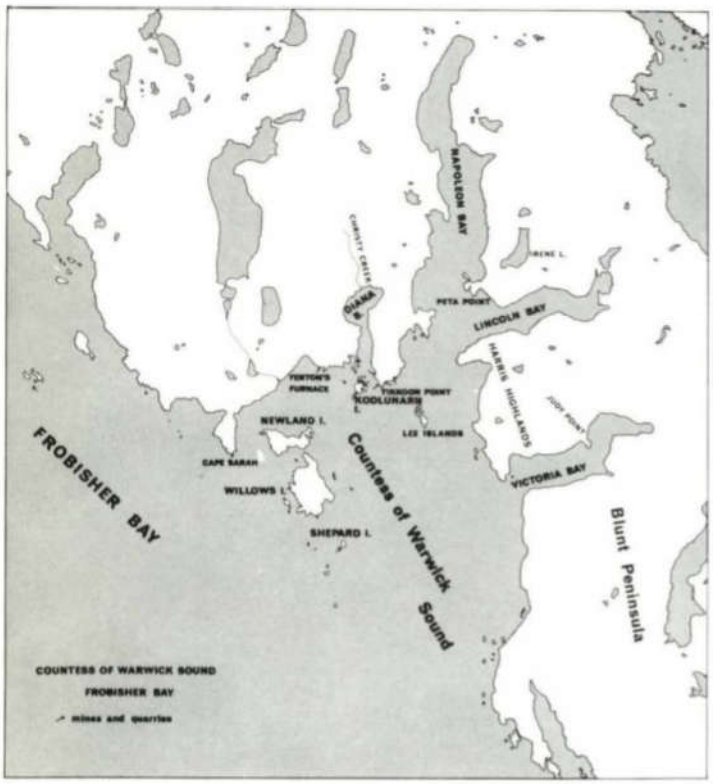
Sir Martin Frobisher, 39, as he appeared at the time of his third voyage to Frobisher Bay.

altogether sparkled, and glitter in the sun like gold'. For some reason, Frobisher had been unable to find any more of the gold-bearing rock on Hall Island where he had picked up the first chunk. But deeper in the strait, he found a very rich deposit on an island which he named after the Countess of Warwick. This island was located in a fair sound which he also named after the Countess. And in the holds of the vessels were some 200 tons of that ore.

At that point The Adventurers to the Northwest for the Discovery of a Northwest Passage, as they were now called, had the ore assayed once again, and this time the results were truly amazing. One such test reported that a ton of ore contained precious metals to the value of £67.1s.8d. Another assay reported a value of £53.10s.3d. Juggling such figures was an intoxicating game, and the results were truly spectacular. It was calculated, for example, that an expedition capable of bringing back 2,000 tons of ore could be fielded for £20,836.13s.4d. At only £30 per ton, that quantity of ore would yield a gross return of £60,000, and a net profit of £39,163.6s.8d. In round figures, then, such a venture would yield a net profit of £20 per ton. With such glowing prospects, the Company of Cathai, as it was usually called, had little diffieulty in raising the necessary capital for a third voyage.



A fleet of 15 ships and a complement of some 400 men make Frobisher's 1578 voyage the largest arctic expedition that has ever been fielded. It was also one of the most ambitious. By order of Queen Elizabeth, who provided more than half the funds that were subscribed, Frobisher was appointed Captain General of the fleet, and was to set sail before May 1st if at all possible. He was to sail directly to Countess of Warwick Island where he would set the men to collecting ore as soon as he had seen to the safety of his vessels. Only then was he permitted to send out parties to search for new and hopefully richer mines.

Frobisher was also instructed to found a settlement there. For that purpose, he carried a pre-fabricated building large enough to house 100 men who were to spend the winter there, diligently digging out gold. The wintering party was to be led by the Lieutenant General of the expedition, Captain Edward Fenton. Three of the vessels – the *Judith*, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael* – were to be left with the wintering party, together with food and supplies to last for 18 months. When the wintering party was provided for, Frobisher was to sail 50 or 100 leagues up the strait, or until he was sure he had passed through the strait and into the Pacific Ocean. But nothing was to interfere with the search for gold. He was warned by his sovereign that in all matters pertaining to the mining operation, he 'shall cause a record diligently to be kept in writing'.

Frobisher left Harwich on 31 May 1578, moved down the channel, and shaped his course to the northwest from Dursie Head in Ireland. They raised the Queen's Foreland, the modern Resolution Island, on July 2nd, but found that the strait was jammed with ice, and the weather was unbelievably foul. One of the ships – the *Dennis* – was caught in the pack and sank almost immediately. The rest of the ships were dispersed, but most of them were able to beat their way eastwards into relatively open water where they could repair some of the damage they had sustained. Then, unable to pick up any familiar landmark to guide them, they wandered around for over three weeks before they finally dropped anchor off Countess of Warwick Island.

By August 1st, everyone who was not specifically occupied at some other task was busily digging ore out of the trenches on the island. Some of the smaller boats and pinnaces, meanwhile, were scouring the area in search of new mines. They seemed to find rich deposits everywhere, for before the end of that one short summer, the vessels had loaded ore from a number of different places. Near Countess of Warwick Island, were three particularly rich deposits that were named the 'Countess of Sussex Mine', 'Fenton's Fortune' and 'Winter's Furnace'. Other mines were worked in Dyer's Passage and Beare's Sound, down the coast towards Davis Strait, and a particularly rich deposit of ore was found at a place called 'Bests' Blessing', on the east coast of what is now Resolution Island. Before they left Frobisher's Strait for the last time, on 2 September 1578, they had mined and loaded 1,350 tons of rock. And the expedition had wisely decided against leaving a wintering party in the strait, for as it turned out, the

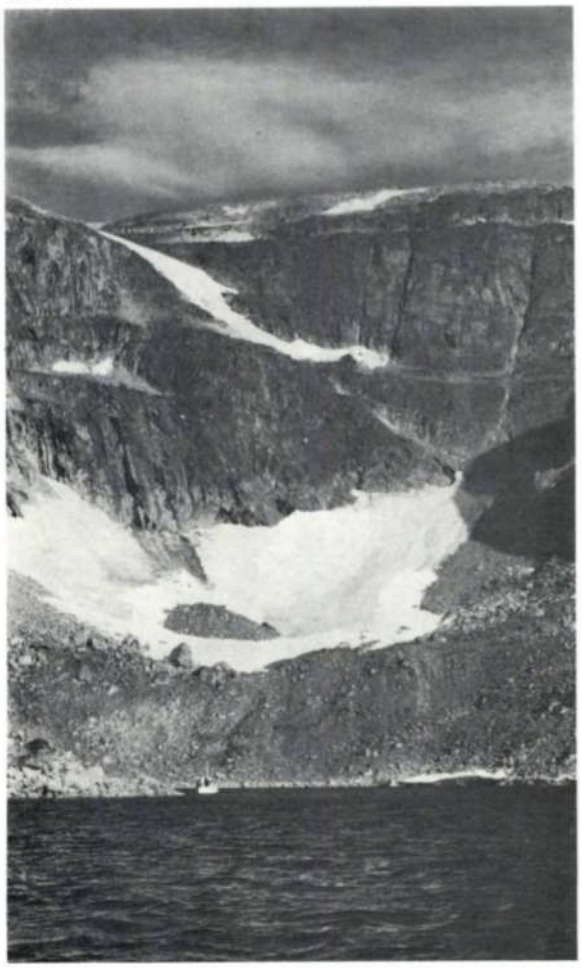
Nearly three hundred years after Frobisher's mining expedition to Kodlunarn Island, Eskimo people led C. F. Hall to the site, telling him the story that had been preserved among them for many generations.

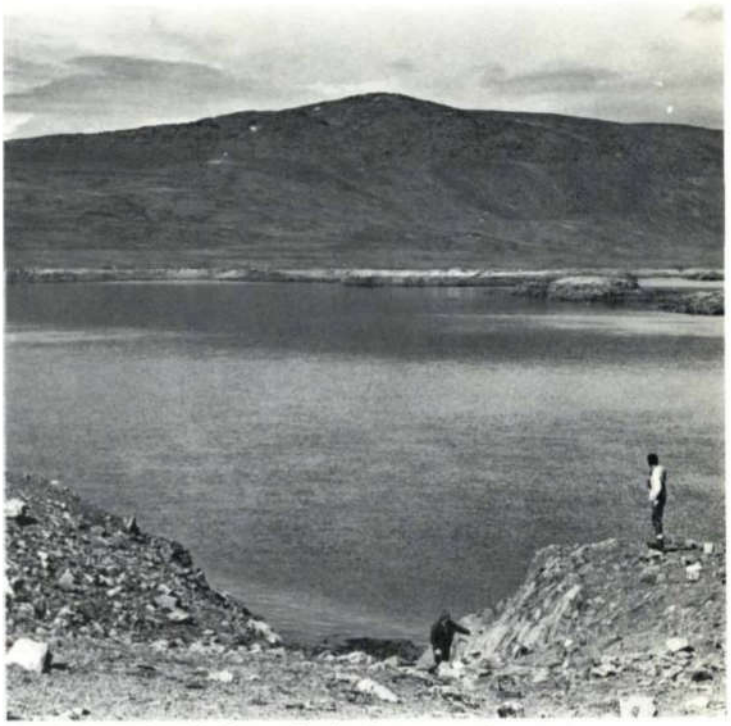
'ore' proved to be totally worthless, and they never returned.

The total cost of the three Frobisher expeditions was something in the neighbourhood of £20,160, a large sum, particularly at that date. With nothing to show for their effort and expense but some gigantic piles of rock, the venturers argued endlessly among themselves over who should pay the outstanding bills, and the Company of Cathai was battered by a series of lawsuits, charges and counter charges; Frobisher, meanwhile, was apparently quite happy to leave the litigation to the businessmen and their lawyers, for he was off on another project just a few weeks after his return from the northwest.

In 1585, he served as vice-admiral under Sir Francis Drake, on a privateering expedition to the West Indies, and three years later he was knighted for his role as the commander of a squadron in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He continued to harass Spanish shipping till 1594, when Elizabeth sent him to the continent to assist the French. There he was shot in the hip during an assault on a Spanish-held fort at Crozon, in Brittany. Carried aboard his ship and taken to Plymouth, he died on 22 November 1594.

The long-liner in Lincoln Bay, Countess of Warwick Sound.





The ship's trench on Kodlunarn Island as it appears today. Here, the Inuit told Hall, five of Frobisher's men built a ship and 'died with the cold' in it.

Although the search for the northwest passage was continued by men such as John Davis, Henry Hudson, and William Baffin, Frobisher's discoveries gradually became lost in the northern mists. Cartographers remembered that there was a channel named Frobisher Strait somewhere in the far northwest, but in the absence of any specific longitude for the discovery, they usually placed it in Greenland. Then in 1861, the American explorer, Charles Francis Hall, heard a strange tale from a group of Eskimos on the southeast shores of Baffin Island. Many years ago, they told him, white men in big ships had visited their land. As the story gradually unfolded, Hall realized that they could only be talking about the voyages of Martin Frobisher, and arranged to visit the place that the Eskimos called Kodlunarn Island. There he found bits of brick and tile, and lumps of coal that had been left there almost 300 years before. And cut into the surface of the island were deep trenches where Frobisher's miners had dug so hopefully for gold.

* * *

A few years ago, the Royal Ontario Museum decided that the 400th anniversary of Frobisher's first voyage should be commemorated in some suitable manner, for that 1576 voyage marked the beginning of arctic exploration in Canada. After a brief discussion, it was decided that we would put on a special Frobisher Exhibition in 1976, and publish a new edition of the Frobisher Voyages. To gather up background information for both

The camp on Tikkoon Point.

The long-liner in Countess of Warwick Sound. In the background is Kodlunarn Island.

the publication and the exhibition, I agreed to visit Countess of Warwick Sound to see what could be learned from an examination of the mines or quarries that Charles Francis Hall had found on Kodlunarn Island.

I flew into the town of Frobisher Bay about noon, on Tuesday, 30 July 1974 with an archaeological crew of seven people. We were met at the airport by a local outfitter who had assembled a supply of food, a brace of wheelbarrows, and all the gear we would need for setting up camp down in Countess of Warwick Sound. A 44-foot long-liner with an Inuit crew, had also been chartered, and was standing by to take us down the bay as soon as the weather cleared. When they finally ferried me out to the boat in one of the canoes, I was sure we would never get that heap of gear and all those people into that one small vessel, but the captain just grinned and told me not to worry. He was right.

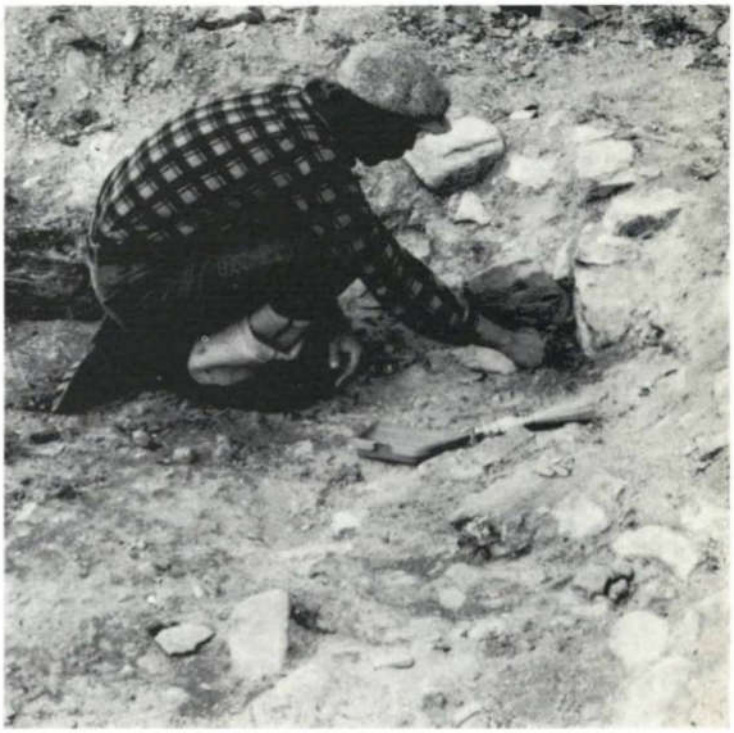
Two days later we left Frobisher Bay with the tide at 10.30 p.m., and headed for the sound about 120 miles down the bay. There was a slight overcast, but there was still plenty of light for the crew to work the boat through the islands at the upper end of the bay, and to dodge the few slabs of ice that were drifting about. We spent most of the night on deck, wedged in between tents, wheelbarrows, and drums of diesel fuel and gas, with frequent visits to the tiny forecastle to refuel ourselves with bannock and mugs of hot tea.

Finally, when I could no longer stay awake, I hauled some of the gear out of the hold looking for a bunk that they told me was down there. When I found it, it was the exact length of a modest-sized archaeologist, and somewhat narrower. There was just enough space to wedge myself and my claustrophobia onto the narrow shelf, where I slept on my back with my face just a few inches from the deck beams.

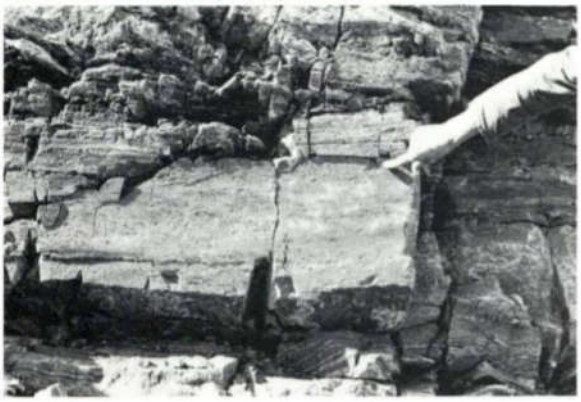
We entered Countess of Warwick Sound through the narrow channel between Newland Island and Cape Sarah at 4.30 p.m. the following day. After an 18-hour run in that cramped little vessel, we were all exhausted. I did no more than glance at a low, small, unimposing island that the Inuit told me was Kodlunarn. At the time, I was much more interested in getting ashore at Tikkoon Point so we could set up camp and get some rest. The next day was cold and raw, with a gusting wind and occasional rain. We lashed down the tents with extra guy ropes, lined a small pool with rocks so we could get clear drinking water, and stretched small tarpaulins over the gear to make sure that it would not get wet if the tents leaked. When we finally crawled into our sleeping bags that night, we had a reasonably secure camp, and were not too alarmed over the fact that the wind was rising and the showers were becoming heavier.

Two days later the weather was still bad, although there were brief periods during which we could convince ourselves that the storm had probably ended. During such periods I would wander out of the tent to stand in the rain, gazing wistfully across to Kodlunarn Island. It was 396 years ago that Frobisher's fleet had sailed for the last time from its anchorage off that island. Since that day it had been visited by only two scientific parties that had any interest in Frobisher. The first, of course, was the visit of Charles Francis Hall in 1861; the second was the Rawson-MacMillan Sub-Arctic Expedition in 1927. The latter group spent no more than a few hours on the island, just long enough to confirm Hall's report. Then, as I stood outside my tent on one occasion, peering hopefully through the drizzle, I convinced myself that the weather was actually improving. True, it was still raining, but as I pointed out to the crew, it did seem to be getting lighter, and if we were to head for Kodlunarn Island immediately, it would almost

The foundation of the east wall of Frobisher's house was made of rubble masonry and held together with mortar that is now soft and crumbly.



Marks made by the picks or sledges of Frobisher's miners nearly 400 years ago.



certainly have cleared up by the time we got there. So we climbed into a canoe, worked our way through some nasty looking reefs, and headed out into the sound. The rain, meanwhile, ignoring both my hopes and my predictions, was falling even harder as we climbed up a steep rubble slope to the relatively flat surface of the island. Because of the rain on my glasses, I could not see very much myself, but the crew scurried about, and quickly located the major features that had been reported by Charles Francis Hall 113 years earlier. Nothing, apparently, had changed.

The next morning we woke up to a sparkling, clear day with just enough scattered cloud to lend variety to the pale blue sky. After a breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, fried potatoes and coffee, we spread our gear out on the rocks to dry, re-rigged the tents, and punched holes in their floors to drain out the larger and deeper pools. While the camp was drying out, I sent some of the crew over to the island to measure Frobisher's mines, and to see if their locations agreed with Hall's map. Then in the afternoon, I took the long-liner into the deep bays on the east side of the sound. And so it continued. So long as the weather was clear we worked, and we were blessed with five glorious days.

Only when another storm hit us did I take time to sort out the notes, measurements, observations and rock samples that we had collected. And only then did a clear picture emerge. Seen from our camp, Kodlunarn was a flat-topped island with some low ridges and outcrops, and with a very sharp and vertical edge above the

tidal zone. From the normal high-tide mark, the edge rose some 21 feet. The highest point on the island was found to be a rock outcrop, just to the east of the spot where Frobisher had built a small house, that measured 61 feet above the high-water mark. The foundation itself was 57 feet above that mark. What Hall referred to as the 'ship's trench' was cut into the island from the north side, with the back-dirt or rubble thrown up into what is now a rounded ridge on each side of the trench. The trench itself measured 80 feet in length; where it cut the vertical bank at the edge of the island, it was 10 feet deep and 28 feet wide. From the edge the floor of the trench sloped upwards to the surface of the island where it had tapered to a width of 13 feet. On the east side of

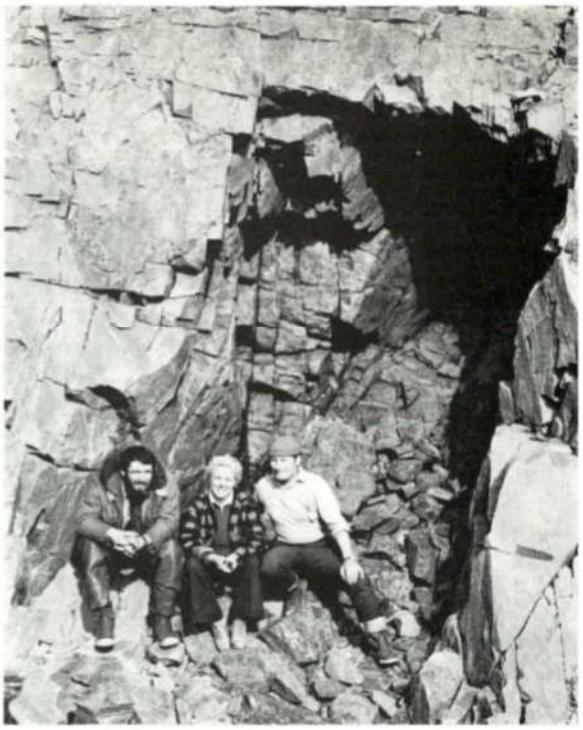
the island is a depression that Charles Francis Hall called a 'reservoir or mine'. Eighty-eight feet long, with roughly parallel sides and rounded ends, it is 5 feet deep and 20 feet wide at the widest point. The trench is surrounded by a pile of back-dirt some 3 feet high. Frobisher's house, so near as we could determine, had inside measurements of 8½ x 11 feet, with the major axis running east-west. Measurements that are roughly accurate could be obtained for the thickness of only the east and north walls. These measured 1½ feet and 2 feet respectively. The foundation was made of rubble masonry, held together with mortar that is now very soft and crumbly.

Along the east flank of Kodlunarn Island is a poorly defined ridge having a knoll at each end, more or less. On the east side of the southern knoll is the outline of what was probably a blacksmith shop. With its major axis running north and south, the structure measures 25 x 22 feet. All that remains is the low ridges of earth that mark the location of three of the walls. The east wall was apparently flush with the rock base of the knoll. There was an obvious concentration of flat stones on the floor of the building, but they formed no discernible pattern. Both brick fragments and small, nut-sized lumps of coal could be seen peeking through the moss. As it was too late in the season to begin the excavation of a structure of that size, we left it undisturbed. Whatever secrets it might have revealed are still buried there.

Both the north and the east sides of Kodlunarn Island have been extensively quarried, and there are some poorly defined workings on the south end of the island as well. It gave an odd sensation to see where a pick or sledge had marked a quarried surface, and to realize that the blow had been struck almost 400 years earlier. All of Frobisher's vertical cuts were fresh and clear, and looked as though they might have been made last week. Only on horizontal surfaces such as the piles of rubble beside his trenches was there any indication of antiquity – a thin growth of lichens.

Within Countess of Warwick Sound, we found five other places where Frobisher's men had been digging out 'ore'. All but one of these are quarries. That is, the miners were simply digging open holes or working on vertical rock faces. The exception is an adit, or horizontal shaft, driven straight into solid rock on the north shore of the sound. The shaft is 6½ feet wide and 13 feet high, and is cut 10 feet into the rock. The rock face itself is 22 feet high, and has been quarried off for its entire length, about 55 feet. In that area, the rock strata run approximately north and south, with their tops sloping to the east at an angle of about 30 degrees from the vertical.

In our wanderings about, we had collected specimens from the different workings, as well as stray pieces of rock which we had carried back to camp for a closer examination. Apart from the occasional bit of quartz, mica or magnetite, our collection consisted of three



The mine shaft on the north side of Countess of Warwick Sound extends ten feet into solid rock. Members of the Kenyon expedition are David Lightwood (left) Irene Dawson and Jim Sheppard.

different types of rock. First, there was a black rock that must be the material which Frobisher's men referred to as the 'black ore'. Next there was what appeared to be a metamorphic rock that was composed of thin strata. Most of the strata were pink, although they might occasionally alternate with grey strata. From a distance, this material was a brownish pink, as a rule, although it actually exhibited a wide range of colours if it were examined closely. This must have been the 'red ore' of Frobisher's miners. The third kind of rock in our collection was pegmatite. Kodlunarn Island, incidentally, is composed of both the 'black ore' and the 'red ore', cut occasionally by a pegmatite dyke.

Finally, the return to the scene of Canada's first gold rush was over. The workings were abandoned once more and back at the Museum, the 'Frobisher Rocks' were carefully labelled and filed away in storage cases. Dr S. B. Lumbers had kindly examined the specimens and found that the 'black ore' is a *calc-silicate gneiss* and the 'red ore' is a *metasandstone*. Frobisher's men would have picked up stray bits of quartz, mica, feldspar, and similar minerals, but these were incidental. And the bits of 'gold' which glistened in the sands of so many beaches in the area were actually flecks of biotite mica.

All this points to the wisdom of George Best, Frobisher's lieutenant on the second voyage, and captain of the *Anne Frances* on the third. For it was Best, apparently, who first warned the members of the expedition that 'All is not golde that shineth'. ◆

AVINGA

BY MARGERY HINDS

Author of 'Makpa' and other northern books. Miss Hinds taught for many years in the Canadian Arctic.

IT WAS NEARLY THE END OF AUGUST 1958 when I arrived with Pingua, my Cocker spaniel, at Arctic Bay on north Baffin Island. I looked around for signs of the frozen north but in all that vast treeless landscape no sign of ice or snow was to be seen.

Weeks of continuous sunshine had wiped away all traces of winter, but by late August the long day that is an arctic summer on north Baffin had ended. The sun sank below the horizon at night – not low enough to cause darkness, but long enough for frosts to yellow the foliage of creeping willow, to redden the leaves of dryas and to turn the tundra grass to the colour of hay. Frost had not yet touched the one remaining flower of the season, the arctic willow herb, which formed a magenta strip of colour above high-water mark near the seashore.

From time to time, as I set about installing myself in my new home, I went to the window to survey the scene. Pingua tried to look out, too.

The front windows of the large combined living-room and kitchen looked down on Arctic Bay; the rich blue waters reflected the reddish cast of the surrounding hills and towering King George V mountain. The back window faced a hill where, halfway up, a natural alpine rock garden was now dun-coloured with faded flowers. Lower down were patches of brown grass and lichen-encrusted rock; nearer the house, mats of yellow-leaved creeping willow glowed in the pure, clear light.

The only signs of life were between the house and the shore where a few sled-dogs wandered about and Eskimos were busy moving freight left on the beach by the departed ship. On the hillside at the back, not even a bird relieved the utter silence.

Then as I looked, something seemed to move in the dry grass – a flicker of activity, then stillness again. I took field glasses, and after some seconds noticed a ripple in another patch of dry grass.

A lemming, whose brown summer coat blended with the background, was carrying strands of hay in its mouth to a spot lower down and hidden from view. It was an arctic Collared Lemming, which the Eskimos call *avinga (Dicrostonyx torquatus)* – not the Norwegian Lemming *(Lemmus lemmus)* which is the one traditionally associated with suicidal mass migration.

For the next few days, whenever I looked at that hillside there would be three or four lemmings carrying hay in their mouths. Then the snow came, just enough to whiten the ground. The lemmings continued their work. When winter came they would leave the holes where they had lived all summer and move to egg-shaped nests of hay lined with fur plucked from their own bodies. The tiny mouse-like animals had to make many journeys to gather enough dried grass to build that ten-inch-long nest, but now that they were without camouflage the job was doubly dangerous. Snowy owls and gyrfalcons hovered overhead and from time to time swooped down and carried one off.

Then the snow disappeared and, surprisingly, the lemmings were easy to see against the brownish background. During the brief snowy interval their coats had become lighter, almost silver-grey. Their brown summer fur may have been already lining the unfinished nests.

Now, the owls and falcons were more successful than ever, and a new enemy appeared – Eskimo children bent on catching lemmings to take home as pets. Night frosts had hardened the ground and dried the boggy places, and children could scamper back and forth from hillside to seashore with ease.

At first I could not imagine what they were doing, but it was not long before I guessed that a well-organized lemming-catching campaign had begun. While some children filled tin cans with water, others searched the hillside for holes where the lemmings lived. Then, as soon as a hole was found, the finder squatted beside it with hands cupped around it. Those who fetched water poured it into unguarded holes, and lemmings that tried to escape from the deluge by using one of their other exits ran straight into the hands of the catchers. Even so, some hands were clumsy and lemmings managed to slip through. Some even escaped after the children had taken them home. Now and again a lemming nipped fingers with its sharp teeth.

Avinga, in his winter coat of silver-grey fur, plays indoors in grass and willow twigs.

A lemming tunnel is revealed by the thawing snow.

This lemming-catching game lasted only a few days – until the onset of real winter. Snow covered the land, and the sea was beginning to freeze, but the sun rose daily for ever-shorter periods for a few more weeks before going south until 6 February the next year.

The lemmings left their holes when the snow came and moved into nests which they had built on the surface of the ground near their winter food, a mat of creeping willow. When they came out from beneath the drifted snow they were fairly safe from their enemies; the poor light made their silver-grey winter coats appear as pale shadows on the snow-covered landscape.

Even after the sun disappeared on 6 November, Pingua and I continued our daily walks. Sometimes in the noonday twilight we came across patterns made upon the snow by lemmings' feet. Intricate patterns they were, going every which way, as though deliberately to confuse any would-be trail follower. Always, at the centre of the pattern, there was a hole about the size of a fifty-cent piece. This was the entrance to a tunnel which led down through the hard-packed snowdrift to the lemming's nest.

How Pingua sniffed and snorted at those holes! His past experience in other arctic regions had taught him not to freeze his paws by trying to dig through rock-hard snow.

By December there was not enough twilight for a pleasant mid-day walk on the tundra so our daily rambles were usually upon the frozen sea. What a problem it was to get Pingua past a certain snowdrift near the foot-worn trail that led down to the bay! There were no signs of lemmings here, no holes, no footprint patterns on the side near the path, but something always excited him at the same spot. Then Shapa, our Eskimo helper, explained, 'He can hear lemmings down there at the bottom of the drift. I expect the tunnels go that way.' He pointed towards the hillside; then he bent down and put an ear almost on the snowdrift.

I got down to listen too, and heard what might have been a lemming family quarrel, a scolding, chattering sound. 'Maybe two of them have met in the same tunnel!' Shapa suggested.

After these incidents we almost forgot about lemmings until nearly Christmas. Then, one evening at about nine o'clock, we heard the outer door open and someone come into the porch. It was Kidlapik, the grandmother of three little girls who often came to visit.

Pingua became almost frantic with excitement. He jumped up on the little grandmother, clawed at her and almost knocked her over. Never had he behaved so outrageously. After I caught him and shut him in the bedroom, the visitor came into the living-room.

'Itsivalaurit!' I said, inviting her to sit down. She remained standing and did not remove her mitts. Suddenly she shivered violently and her right arm began to flail. She scratched her right shoulder through the thickness of her outer garment, put out her right arm and shook it. Then came a jerk, a grunt of satisfaction and a calm smile.

The little grandmother removed her right mitt, sat down, and showed me a lemming.

'I thought you might like to have it' she said.

'What do you what for it?' I asked.

'I need a dress for Christmas but I haven't any credit or anything I can trade at the store. I though maybe you might have a dress you don't need.'

I hesitated. How could I possibly exist in the same house with Pingua and a lemming? I knew that to give a dress for nothing would cause problems. All grandmothers in the district would expect similar treatment. If I took a lemming and let it disappear the children would want to know what had happened to it and would bring me another one.

Kidlapik noticed my hesitation.

'Maybe one lemming isn't enough for a dress?' she asked. More than enough, I thought, but said nothing.

Some time later, after cups of tea and more conversation, she went home with a dress and I put the lemming into a deep waste-paper pail with steep slippery sides and set it on a high book-case.

Pingua was now let out of the bedroom. He knew exactly where the lemming was, but he walked sedately past me to his sulking-place under the settee.

It took all my ingenuity and spare time to look after that lemming; to find tundra plants for bedding, and young willow twigs for food. With the aid of a flashlight, a butcher's knife, and a small axe I managed to chop out all that was required from under the thin layer of hard snow. Only after the sods had thawed, were they put into the lemming's pail. Then, as though to repay me for

my labour, the wee furry creature tore the lumps to pieces thereby making fine soil suitable for my indoor gardening. After nibbling the skin from the twigs, Avinga would curl up and go to sleep just below the surface of his bedding, in a hollow he had wriggled into the shape of a nest.

My Eskimo visitors included famous polar-bear hunters who always enquired about him when they dropped in for a chat. I understood their comments but I regretted not being a mind-reader. No doubt peculiar thoughts lurked behind their faint smiles, especially those of Irpik, who, after serious, silent contemplation, told me that Avinga was getting thin.

'What do you feed him?' he asked. 'My children feed theirs on bannock and they're much fatter than this one. Just look at his eyes! They shouldn't be like that. He's just about starving!'

When Irpik had gone I thought bread might suit Avinga just as well as the bannock, but he would have none of it.

'I suppose I'll have to make you some bannock' I told the wee creature. The bannock was cooking in the frying pan on the propane gas cooker when Frank Connelly, assistant manager of the H B C trading post, arrived. He and the manager were the only other non-Eskimo residents in the district.

'Why are you making bannock?' he asked. 'I thought you made a batch of bread just the other day.'

'It's for the lemming' I told him, and repeated what the famous bear hunter had said.

He looked at Avinga. 'Maybe he is thin' he conceded, stroking the sleeping animal with a forefinger. 'His ribs feel like fine wire.'

I turned the bannock and when it was cooked, set it to cool. Shapa came in to fill the oil tank on the space-heater. I saw him look at the bannock.

'It's for the lemming' I said. 'Everyone tells me he's too thin and ought to be fed on bannock.'

Shapa smiled. He broke off a small piece and fed it to Avinga who was now awake. The tiny animal wiggled his nose above the bannock, took a nibble and immediately lost interest.

'Eeeee!' exclaimed Shapa, greatly surprised. He broke off another piece and tasted it himself.

'It's too salty' he said 'Maybe you should make some without salt.'

So that is what I did, and by degrees Avinga began to put on weight until he must have weighed at least four ounces.

It was now March, more than a month since the sun had come back. Avinga became lively and slept much less. One day I wondered what he had been doing, for his nose looked as though he had been poking it into brown mud. I took him in my hand for close examination. The fur above his nose had changed from silver-grey to brown. He was, in fact, beginning to change into his summer coat weeks earlier than the usual time.

The granddaughters of Kidlapik – Uvatuatia, Kauta and Kamanik. The two older girls presented Miss Hinds with a second 'Avinga'.

Now, whenever I put fresh willow twigs into his pail he attacked them with much greater energy than ever before. Little by little the brown patch on his face increased in size. Then, one day after I had given him fresh willow twigs and he had seemed more lively than ever, the scratching sounds against the side of his pail ceased. I presumed he had gone to sleep.

Only when I went into the bedroom did I know the truth. His dead body, with no visible sign of injury was on the scarlet bedside rug. The only clue was a wetness, but on close examination I could see a very tiny hole in his skull which surely had been made by a canine tooth.

I looked in the pail. Pieces of willow twig were lodged against the side of it. Avinga had escaped by running up the twigs and a watchful spaniel had seized the opportunity to rid himself of a rival.

Or had he?

While I was berating Pingua for his deed, an Eskimo hunter came to the door. I told him what had happened and soon after he had gone from the house everyone in the settlement knew that Pingua had killed Avinga.

While the dog was still hiding under the bed behind the door that I had closed on him to let him know my displeasure, two little girls came to visit. They were shy and polite and they brought me another lemming. I took the new Avinga, removed the willow twigs so he would not escape, and put him in the pail.

Later I called Pingua. The shame-faced dog crept slowly into the living-room. A scratching sound from the lemming's pail transformed him. He stiffened in his tracks, and stared at the pail.

His hated rival, Avinga, had returned. ◆

DILLON WALLACE OF LABRADOR

BY R. G. MAURO

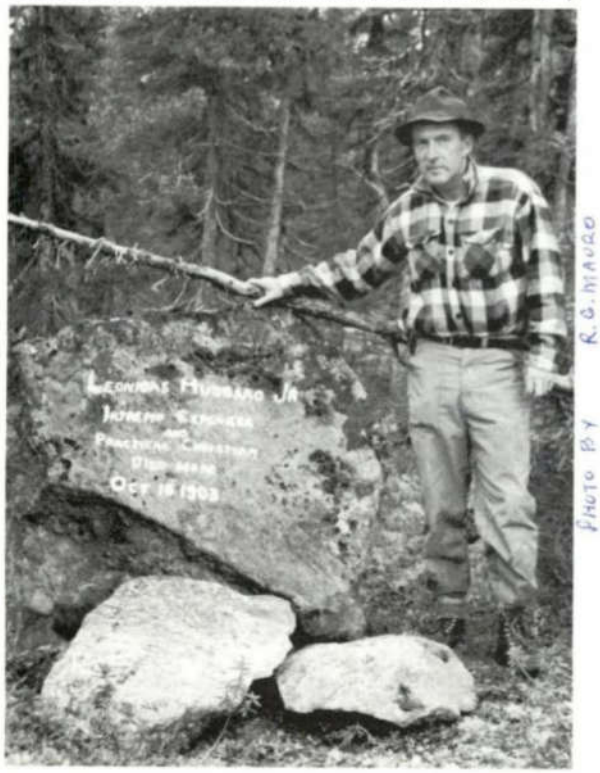
ON 27 JULY 1973, I stood before the inscribed boulder that marked the last camp of Leonidas Hubbard at the forks of the Susan River in central Labrador. Seventy years earlier on this spot Hubbard had died of starvation near the end of his return journey from Windbound Lake to North West River. With me was Dillon Wallace III of Beacon, New York, son of Dillon Wallace, Hubbard's companion on the expedition of 1903. We knelt before the stone that had served as a reflector for Hubbard's campfire in his last hours and examined the inscription. Despite the ravages of sixty Labrador winters, faint traces of white lead still remained on the chiselled letters.

It was a solemn moment. We were eighty miles from civilization, in a silent and forbidding wilderness. The last human to have passed this way, we speculated, could have been the father of my companion who had cut the memorial into the stone sixty years earlier. We refurbished the main part of the inscription with scraper and paint, deposited the record of our visit in a canister beneath the boulder and made our way back to the helicopter where pilot Mac Forgie of Goose Bay, Labrador, waited.

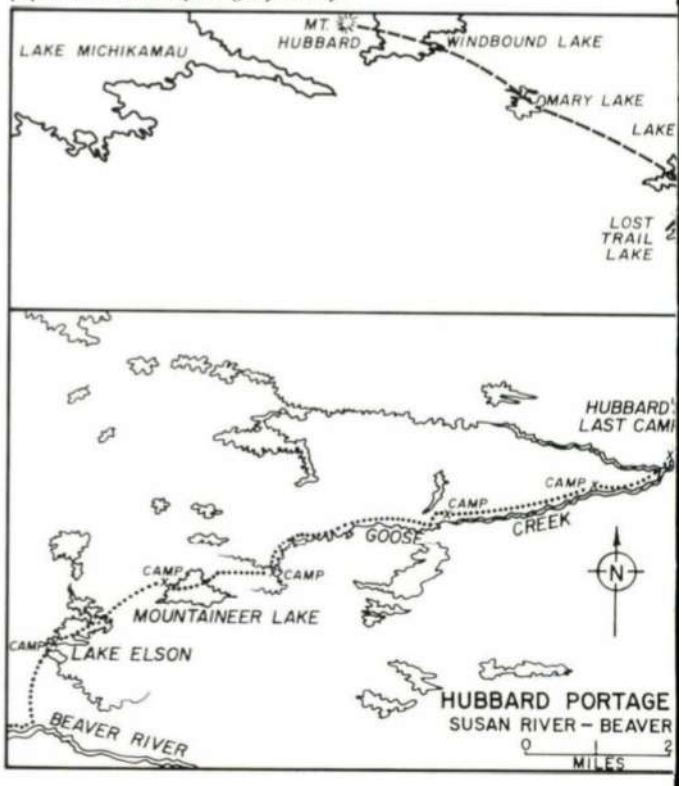
As a boy in the 1930s I had read Wallace's *The Lure of the Labrador Wild* and for many years it had been my wish to retrace the 1913 journey of Wallace to Hubbard's place of death. It had been my plan to fly with Dillon Wallace III to a small lake near the forks of the Susan and to follow from there the old Hubbard portage trail to the Upper Beaver River. With field notes and sketches done by Wallace in 1903 we hoped to pinpoint the location of Goose Creek, Mountaineer Lake, and Elson Lake. We were forced to cancel the land trip, but with the assistance of Newfoundland Air Transport and No. 413 Search and Rescue Squadron, Canadian Armed Forces, our mapping was accomplished.

Dillon Wallace, whose name is permanently bound to the history of Labrador, was a 40-year-old New York lawyer when he took indefinite leave of his law partner to accompany Hubbard into unknown Labrador. He was, however, no ordinary addict to the outdoor life; from an early age he had had an adventurous spirit, deeply rooted in youthful dreams of exploration and adventure. After the death of his wife in 1900, Wallace met Hubbard in New York. Out of a common intense interest in history, geography, and natural science, there

Dillon Wallace III at the place of Hubbard's death, July 1973.



Maps are drawn by the author from the Wallace papers and use the spellings of his day.



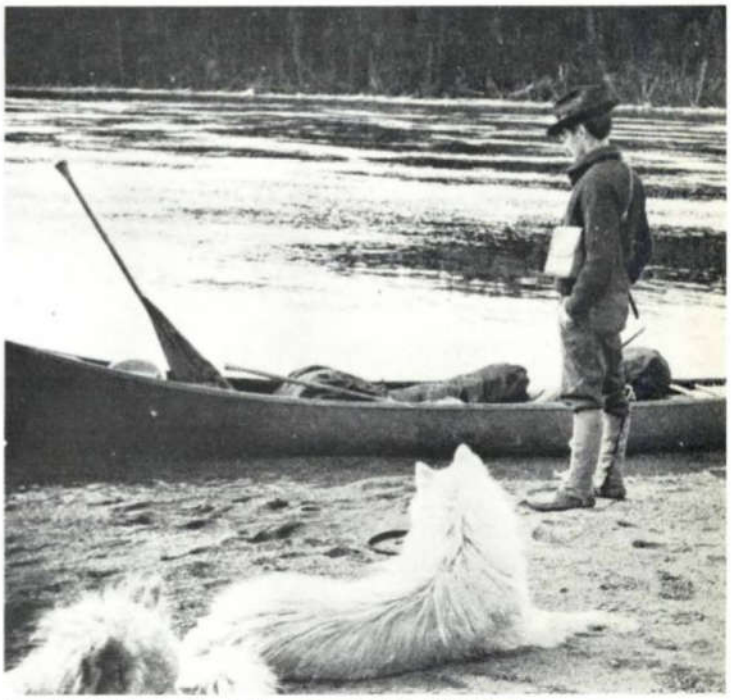
The author, an engineering technician with Ontario Hydro, read the Dillon Wallace books as a boy and developed from them a keen interest in the history of Labrador. He contacted the son of Dillon Wallace, who accompanied him to the Hubbard campsite.

Photographs are published with permission of Dillon Wallace III and Fleming H. Revell Publishing Company.

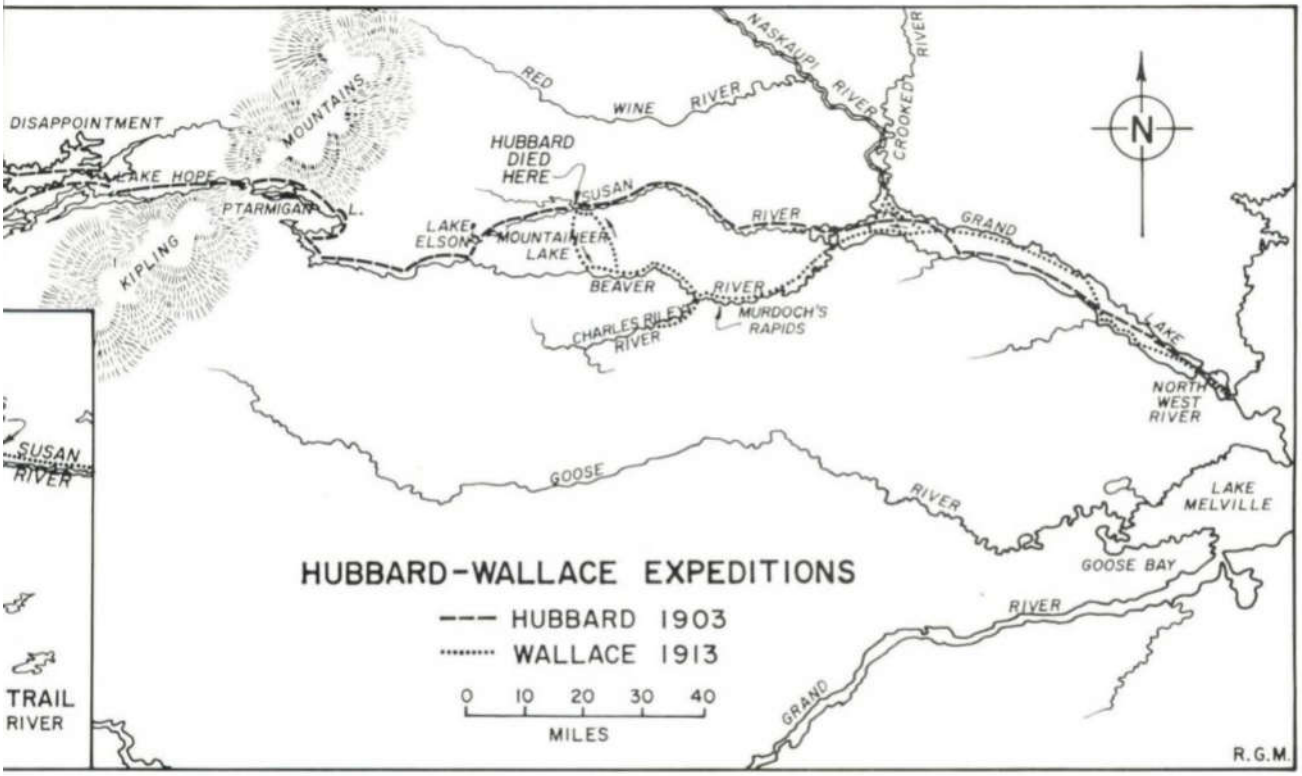
grew an attachment between the two men that was to transcend the understanding of others – including Hubbard's young bride, Mina, who was later to reveal an attitude of personal malevolence towards Wallace.

In May 1900 Hubbard was stricken with typhoid and lost his writing job with the *Saturday Evening Post*. During his convalescence he and the bereaved Wallace had found solace and renewed spirit in winter hiking trips to the Shawungunk Mountains of southern New York. During these excursions the fever of exploration began to grow. Public attention at the time centred on the Belgian and British expeditions to the Antarctic and the Arctic exploits of Nansen, Sverdrup, and Amundsen, and on Peary's Greenland discoveries. Hubbard was determined to be a part of the conquest of the last frontiers of the North: he chose Labrador, the great unknown land relatively close to home. With his appointment as associate editor of *Outing Magazine* in April 1903, and Publisher Caspar Whitney's backing of the project, the Hubbard Labrador Expedition came into being.

Hubbard's first objective was to penetrate the country by way of Hamilton Inlet and the Naskaupi



Leonidas Hubbard at North West River 15 July 1903, the day that he began his fatal journey into the interior of Labrador.



North West River, as the Hubbard expedition prepares to leave: Thomas MacKenzie in charge of the H B C post (left), Dillon Wallace (right) and George Elson, second from the right.

River to Lake Michikamau. From there he planned to cross the height of land to the waters flowing northwards into Ungava Bay. North of the Grand or Hamilton (now Churchill) River lay a vast area of unexplored country and Hubbard's ambition was to cross this territory and bring knowledge of it to the world.

Through S. A. King, manager of the H B C store at Missanabie, Ontario, Hubbard hired George Elson of Rupert's House as canoeman, hunter, and cook. An accomplished guide around James Bay, Elson was to fail Hubbard in one respect: he knew nothing of the eastern Labrador country.

When the expedition sailed from New York on 20 June 1903 on board the steamer *Sylvia*, Mrs Hubbard accompanied her husband. During the stop-over at St John's when the party camped beside the railroad tracks at Broad Cove, Wallace became fully aware of Mrs Hubbard's devotion to her husband. He had previously sensed an unusually strong attachment, even for a new bride, when Hubbard had invited him to share Thanksgiving and other holidays with them at their home in suburban New York. At Battle Harbour, Mrs Hubbard left the party to return home, and Hubbard and Wallace turned their full attention to the tasks ahead.

They entered the wilderness on 15 July 1903. On the second day out of North West River a fatal mistake was made. Misled by sketchy maps and incomplete information, the party passed by the mouth of the Naskaupi and entered the smaller Susan River. They made their way up the shallow, twisting stream for forty miles. Plagued by Hubbard's periodic bouts with diarrhoea and slowed by scouting side-trips, the expedition covered only 80 miles in 15 days. On 31 July they abandoned the Susan and followed Goose Creek for several miles, portaged through Mountaineer and Elson Lakes until they came by accident to the Beaver River which offered better opportunities for using the canoe. They followed the Beaver to its source and then began a long series of tedious portages between lakes, over rocky ridges, and across swamps. Features named by the explorers tell the story: Hope Lake, Lost Trail, Disappointment Lake and, finally, Windbound Lake.

In planning the journey, every ounce of non-essentials had been sacrificed. The party was dependent mainly on fish and game and these had not been plentiful. By the end of August all three men had experienced punishment from the heavy portaging, lack of food, and their constant battle with black-flies and mosquitoes. Their provisions were virtually exhausted, their clothing was in shreds, and the soles of their moccasins had given way to patches cut from canvas gun cases. Hubbard, slender and not as robust as his companions, was near exhaustion.

On 8 September 1903, the party reached the shore of a large lake that they later named Windbound. Hubbard and Elson climbed a mountain and saw only a few miles away the 90-mile expanse of Lake Michikamau, the goal they had fought to reach. They searched for four days for the connecting link between the lakes; then a violent storm came up and the wind kept them isolated on a rocky island for a week. During this period Hubbard came to the full realization of their dangerous predicament. Further advances seemed out of the question and Hubbard gave the order to retreat.

On 21 September when the wind subsided sufficiently to permit the expedition to recross the lake, they began what was to be a race for life down the trail. Now and again a duck, ptarmigan, or goose was killed. By 12 October, no provisions remained. The three men were gaunt and emaciated. Hubbard spoke in a whisper but his physical weakness, Wallace recalled later, did not affect his courage.

At last the canoe was abandoned at the spot where the Beaver had been entered and the bedraggled explorers continued towards the valley of the Susan with nothing but blankets, rifle, tent, and some caribou bones and skin. One evening Hubbard was unable to carry his pack the last few hundred yards to their camping place and Wallace carried it for him. The next morning he seemed stronger but staggered along during the afternoon with great difficulty. Towards evening as the expedition approached the old camping place at the junction of the two branches of the Susan River, he sank to the ground exhausted. Hubbard realized that he could go no farther. He told Elson to try to reach the head of Grand Lake where trappers may have settled for the winter. Wallace was to go with Elson to search for a bag containing a few pounds of wet flour that had been abandoned below the junction of Susan and Goose Creeks. The next morning Elson and Wallace set off in a cold drizzle. Two days later they reached the flour bag

to find it contained four or five pounds of black and green mould. Elson continued down the trail: Wallace turned back with the flour mould over his shoulder. In the falling snow he failed to find Hubbard's tent although he was to learn later that he had passed within a few hundred yards of it.

Ten days later Elson reached the winter cabin of trapper Donald Blake at the head of Grand Lake. Blake and three fellow trappers immediately started up the valley of the Susan. They found Wallace in the snow with his feet frozen. Hubbard was wrapped in his blankets, dead.

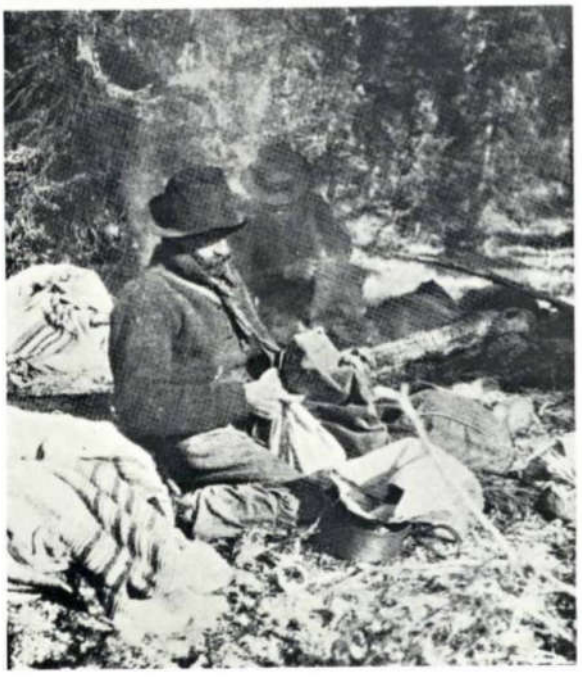
Throughout the desperate journey, Wallace had been a great comfort to Hubbard. On one or two difficult portages Wallace had made false starts but from beginning to end, no breaches of significance had occurred. Elson, completely in his element in the wilderness, could not be expected to comprehend the bond of affection that drew Hubbard and Wallace closer to each other as their mission lured them on into unknown country. 'The work must be done' Hubbard said to Wallace 'and if one of us falls before it is completed the other must finish it.' As Wallace lay helpless with gangrenous feet on a cot at Kenemish lumber camp twelve miles from North West River, the sombre reality of the pact struck home. Full responsibility for the expedition and the return of Hubbard's body were undisputably his. Elson, fully recovered from the ordeal, had emerged among the local population as the hero of the expedition. He left no doubt in anyone's mind that with Hubbard dead, he answered to no one. It was with great difficulty that Wallace arranged, from his sickbed, for the recovery of the body and most of the expedition's equipment.

By March 1904, Wallace's feet had healed sufficiently to allow him to travel. He and Elson moved Hubbard's body 325 miles by dog-team from North West River to the open sea at Cape Charles. With their arrival in New York on 20 May, a chapter in the exploration of the Labrador came to a close.

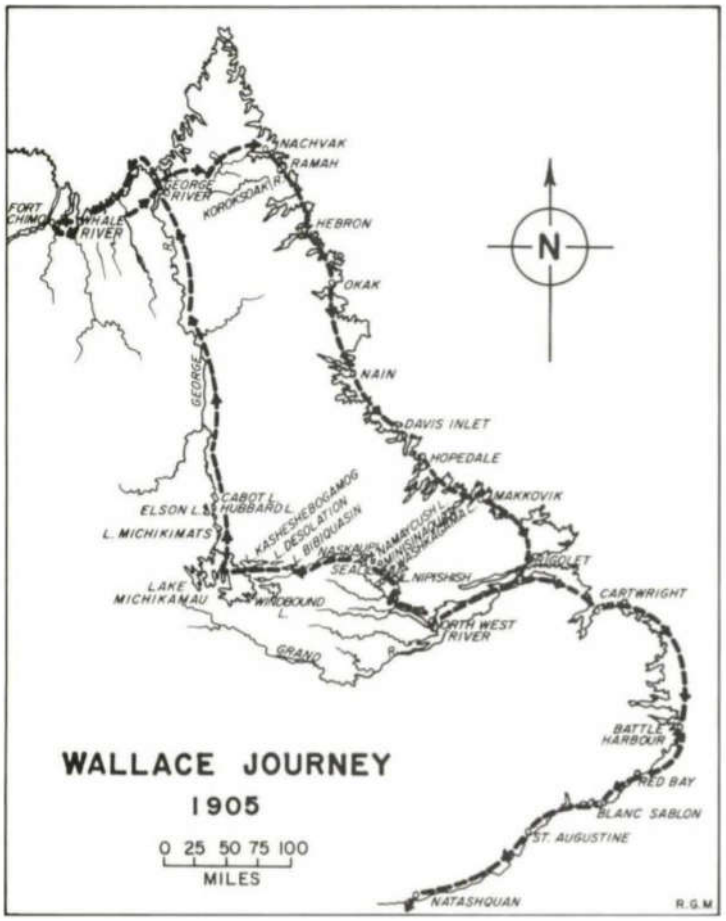
Wallace's troubles were far from over, however: Mrs Hubbard was to be reckoned with. Informed by Elson of Hubbard's wish that Wallace write the account of the journey she agreed to pay Wallace to compile a book from Hubbard's diary, field notes, and photographs. The candid story did not please her. She demanded that Wallace hand over all of her husband's papers and photographs. Wallace returned the papers but he kept the photographs and refused to part with his manuscript to have it replaced by a story he knew no one else could tell. His book was widely acclaimed but only served to widen the rift between himself and his dead friend's unpredictable widow. Rumours that she was dissatisfied with the account and that she suspected foul play began finding their way into the newspapers.

In January 1905 she announced that she intended to go over the same ground that her husband had travelled and to complete his work. Wallace who was also preparing for a journey to fulfil his commitment to Hubbard, realized that the stage was being set to race him to Ungava and to lay first claim to the mapping of the

Hubbard at the last camp at the junction of Susan River and Goose Creek, where he died of hunger and exhaustion.



Mrs Leonidas Hubbard prepares breakfast on the shore of Lake Michikamau, the lake that her husband failed to reach.



The Wallace expedition of 1905 at Lake Michikamau: Standing: George Richards (left) and Leigh Stanton; and seated, Clifford Easton (left) and Peter Stevens.

Naskaupi and George Rivers. He planned his own expedition to avoid any conflict with the strong-willed woman.

Both expeditions arrived in North West River around the end of June 1905 and left within a few days of each other. Mrs Hubbard was travelling with George Elson and three experienced Indian guides. Wallace, who intended to gather rock specimens and do topographical work, took Clifford Easton, a forestry graduate; George Richards, a geology student from Columbia University; Leigh Stanton of Mud Lake, Labrador, an experienced woodsman; and Peter Stevens, an Ojibwa from Minnesota.

During the early morning hours of 28 June 1905 Mrs Hubbard passed Wallace, and at the junction of the Red and Naskaupi chose the longer but surer river route rather than the portage trail by which the Indians avoided the roughest part of the Naskaupi. This left Wallace to pursue Hubbard's original objective of leaving the enclosed Naskaupi valley and exploring the unknown country above it. The rough ill-defined trail proved difficult and slow.

Mrs Hubbard meanwhile was urging her men to stay with the Naskaupi as far as possible. Wallace's progress all along had been a source of speculation and concern to her, but on 17 July, she was confident that she had a commanding lead in what she considered a race for the George. 'The honour of being first to explore the Naskaupi and George Rivers has fallen to me' she recorded proudly in her diary.

Wallace in the meantime was travelling beyond Lake Nipishish, and features named by him chart the route of his party at this stage: Washkagama Lake, Minisinakwa Lake, and Portage Lake. On reaching Seal Lake he reentered the Naskaupi and followed it for forty miles to the point where his Indian map indicated the portage trail to the northward began. Here they cached one hundred pounds of pemmican, flour, and tea and resumed their course along the old Indian trail. A march of four days brought them to a sizable body of water which Wallace named Lake Bibikwasin. After several days of gruelling portages they reached the shore of another large lake which they named Desolation because the area had been desolated by a recent forest fire. At this point they were travelling by compass only. Supplies were running low; owls, apparently at the peak of their cycle, were their chief food. On 27 August, Lake Kasheshibaw – lake of many channels – was discovered. Sixty years later this waterway, along with Windbound and Michikamau disappeared beneath the waters of the Churchill Falls reservoir.

On 3 September 1905, after travelling for more than two months across 325 miles of rough country, the Wallace expedition reached the shore of Lake Michikamau. Here Wallace split his party. Richards, Stanton, and Stevens turned back down the trail for North West River; Wallace and Easton began an uncertain 350-mile journey to the George River post in the hope that they

would connect there with the H B C ship *Pelican* on its annual stop. After a week of paddling and portaging over the northern divide they reached the George – at first a trickling creek that required much portaging and lifting, but later a strong swift river. On 19 September they encountered Indians who warned of dangerous rapids and falls below. Signs of vast numbers of caribou were everywhere, but no animals were seen; they had missed the great migration. On 29 September, a bitterly cold day, the canoe struck a rock and overturned. The men managed to haul themselves and the canoe from the icy water, then paddled 300 yards with their hands to a bay where there was sufficient wood to start a fire. Later they recovered their paddles and their dunnage and instrument bags, but their provisions, guns and ammunition, cooking utensils, axes, and stovepipe were gone beyond recovery.

Despite storms and cold days, travel on the George was rapid, as the river grew faster and wider and on 16 October 1905 Wallace and Easton reached the Hudson's Bay Company's George River post. There they were welcomed by Post Manager John Ford, and only after they had eaten 'a delicious supper of fresh trout, white bread . . . mossberry jam and tea' were they told that the *Pelican* was more than a month overdue on her annual visit and that provisions in the settlement were dangerously low. Hope that the supply ship would arrive so late in the season had been virtually relinquished.

Mrs Hubbard and her men, having arrived on 28 August, had been in the settlement for more than six weeks. Aware of Mrs Hubbard's predicament – the possibility of wintering in Ungava and providing for her four guides for a full year, Wallace refused to be drawn into any discussion about the relative merits of her undertaking. Rested and refreshed, but aware of the critical food shortage, Wallace and Easton turned their attention to Fort Chimo, 150 miles to the west where it was reported that large herds of caribou were heading towards the Koksoak River. Despite Ford's warning about the hazards of travelling in Ungava Bay in October, Wallace requested that he hire for him Eskimo guides and a small boat.

Three days later the *Pelican* arrived. Wallace and Easton then learned that the *Pelican's* three Eskimo pilots planned to travel to Chimo in a small Company boat *Explorer*, and arranged to accompany them. Still clad in their bush-ravaged summer clothing, they left Fort George on Sunday morning, 22 October. Within the week the party was marooned on an island by a winter gale that piled up 'great blocks of northern pack ice' against the shore, trapping the small boat. There was no alternative but to cross the barrens to Whale River on foot, packing only food and necessaries and the records of the expedition.

At noon on the third day of their overland march, another storm threatened; the Eskimos advised that everything be cached at once so that they could travel

Wallace in winter clothing, prepared for the journey by dog-team down the coast from George River to Natashquan.

unencumbered over the wind-swept hills to the shelter of a log hut. Here, Wallace and Easton waited while the Eskimo guides travelled on for help. After six days their rescuers appeared – two Eskimo men on snowshoes with a team of dogs and, following them with warm deerskin clothing and boots, Job Edmunds, H B C manager at Whale River. With a second near-disaster behind them Wallace and Easton outfitted themselves for winter travel at Whale River and on 28 November 1905, they reached Fort Chimo, the first white men, since H B C men Erland Erlandson (1834) and John McLean (1839), to reach that settlement from Hamilton Inlet.

In early January they returned to Fort George and prepared for their return journey by dog-team and sledge down the coast to North West River. Aboard Wallace's kamotik was a bag of mail destined for Quebec City.

Employing relays of Eskimos and their dogs, all hired with the greatest of difficulty, Wallace and his companion crossed the Torngat Mountains in four days and reached the Nachvak post of the Hudson's Bay Company. From there they leap-frogged their perilous way more than a thousand miles to Ramah, Hebron, Okak, Nain, Davis Inlet, Hopedale, Makkovik, and Rigolet. On Monday, 26 February 1906, they were re-united at North West River with Stanton. On 6 March, loaded with additional mail from the Mud Lake lumber camp, they resumed their sledge journey southwards.

After a delay of three days (their Eskimo guide suffered from snow blindness) at Karwalla, east of

Dillon Wallace surveys the difficult Beaver River on his final trip into Labrador, 1913.

Here the bronze memorial tablet intended to mark Hubbard's last camp, is lost in the rapids.

Gilbert Blake who rescued Wallace in 1903 and was a member of Mrs Hubbard's expedition, with his family at Grand Lake, 1913.

Rigolet, they pushed on to West Bay and Battle Harbour, crossed into Canadian territory at Blanc Sablon, passed through Brador Bay and St Augustine and reached Harrington Harbour on 11 April. With fresh dogs, the final overland trip came to an end on 17 April 1906, at Natashquan. Before boarding the steamer *King Edward* at Eskimo Point, Wallace deposited the bag of letters from Ungava in the post office – the first mail ever carried out by dog train from that distant point. On 30 April, after an absence of eleven months the Wallace Expedition came to a successful conclusion with the safe arrival of the last members of the party in New York. They had explored 1,000 miles of the Labrador interior and completed a remarkable sledge journey of 2,000 miles around the coast.

Despite Wallace's achievements, there could be no concealing his disappointment at having the honour of being first to map the river that he and Hubbard had planned to explore, snatched from him by Hubbard's wife. Furthermore, her excellent photographs of the Indians of Ungava far surpassed anything he had been able to salvage after the upset on the George. Her map was prepared by cartographers of the American Geographical Society and made the drawings of Wallace's young geologist, published in Wallace's book, appear primitive by comparison.

But Wallace's pledge to Hubbard had been fulfilled to the best of his ability. Detailed geological, meteorological and botanical observations had been recorded throughout the interior journey, and specimens brought home. Six streams flowing into Grand Lake had been mapped. Lake Nipishish, source of the Crooked River, was discovered and mapped, as well as great numbers of smaller lakes. On the northern slope, the George and Korok Rivers as well as some smaller rivers were mapped. And Wallace had enjoyed the satisfaction of discovering for himself that Michikamau was the source of the Naskaupi. Seal Lake, instead of being the source of the river, was found to be only an expansion of it. He wrote a second successful book on his Labrador experiences, then turned his attention to travelling in the American West and Mexico.

In 1913, Labrador again beckoned. With the passing years Wallace had nurtured a growing desire to visit the scene of Hubbard's last camp and to permanently and appropriately mark the spot where Hubbard had died. He sailed for Labrador, and was joined at Halifax by his companion for this trip, Judge William J. Malone of Bristol, Connecticut.

At North West River Wallace engaged as a canoeman Gilbert Blake, one of Wallace's rescuers in 1903 and a member of Mrs Hubbard's party in 1905. Trappers Murdock MacLean and Henry Blake were hired to man a back-up canoe as far as might be deemed necessary. Their plans were to travel the still unexplored section of the lower Beaver River between Grand Lake and the point where Hubbard had entered it in 1903.

The Beaver, not unexpectedly, proved to be an almost continuous rapid; its banks and bottom were a tumbled mass of boulders which made paddling impossible and tracking extremely difficult.

As they worked their way through heavy rapids above a major tributary, the Charles Riley River, the tracking line parted, the canoe overturned and most of its contents, including the bronze memorial to mark Hubbard's place of death, spilled into the rapids. The canoe was recovered undamaged, but the larger part of the party's equipment and provisions were carried away. Chisels and drills had been saved, however, and it was decided to proceed and cut an inscription in the rock at Hubbard's camp.

The difficulties of travel increased as the voyagers continued the ascent of the Beaver. Cliffs, flanked by steep mountains which forced the river through a gorge, finally halted progress by canoe. McLean and Henry Blake were sent ahead to scout and returned with the news that the river above was no better. Wallace then decided to cache the canoe and outfit and proceed with packs to the Susan River.

Several days of foot travel across ridges and around unknown lakes brought the party to a point on the Susan near the place of Wallace's rescue in 1903. Keeping behind hills on the south of the river, the travellers turned westwards reaching Hubbard's camp about mid-August, 1913. While Malone and Blake remained by the river, Wallace walked the last few yards to the rock alone. Hubbard's last camp was unchanged by time. The bed of boughs upon which he lay when he died was withered but undisturbed. The charred wood and dead coals of his campfire, his moccasins and other relics, remained as they had been left ten years before.

Pitching their tent at a respectful distance from the rock, they commenced the work of marking the stone. Judge Malone improvised a lettering brush from a wisp of Gilbert's coarse hair. Paint was made from white lead and drippings kept liquid over a fire. Malone lettered the inscription upon the face of the rock and a simple religious service followed. Early next morning the party turned down the valley of the Susan for home.

The 1913 journey proved to be Wallace's last to Labrador. Two years previously he had taken up residence in Beacon, sixty miles up the Hudson River from New York, and resumed his law practice; on his return he devoted most of his time to writing. He told his friends that he wrote *Ungava Bob* with many misgivings: it proved to be only the first of twenty books for boys. Over the period 1905-1936 he wrote twenty-six books, most of them inspired by his Labrador experiences.

Though never reconciled with the unforgiving Mrs Hubbard, he bore no malice towards her. Forgoing the temptation to respond in print to her unfriendly insinuations about him in the foreword to her book, *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador*, he chose to suffer her uncharitableness to the end of his days, in gentlemanly silence. Tucked away between the leaves of his personal copy of *The Long Labrador Trail* was perhaps all the repudiation he felt he needed of her final effort to discredit him publicly: two book reviews from the *New York Times* by the leading literary critic of the day. *The Long Labrador Trail* the critic wrote 'is a record of privation and heroism well-told, full of the irresistible charm of real exploration. *A Woman's Way* is much less informing and entertaining than Wallace's book, and marred by depreciation of his services to her husband.'

Dillon Wallace (left) on his final visit to the place of Hubbard's death, and Judge William J. Malone.

In the cemetery at Fishkill, not far from Beacon, New York, on the Hudson, stands a simple headstone which reads 'A. Dillon Wallace, Explorer and Author, Died September 28, 1939'. Twenty miles to the south, in Haverstraw, three bronze plaques mark the grave of the gallant Hubbard. Enquiries among the remaining few townspeople who remember him elicit the startling theory that his body was exhumed in the early part of the century and taken to England by his widow. Mrs Leonidas Hubbard outlived her rival by only a few years. She died, tragically, under the wheels of a locomotive, in England near the end of World War II. ◆

THE EXPLORATION OF NORTH AMERICA 1630-1776

By W. P. Cumming, S. E. Hillier, D. B. Quinn and G. Williams. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1974. 272 pages, illus. $30.00.

Reviewed by W. Kaye Lamb

Forty years ago the late John Bartlett Brebner published *The Explorers of North America*, a brilliant effort to place regional exploration in continental perspective and to counteract the too common tendency to treat the history of particular areas more or less in isolation. This remarkable new volume has a kindred purpose, and its effectiveness is much enhanced by hundreds of illustrations, many in colour, that complement the text in a highly dramatic way.

Professor Quinn contributes the introduction and a brief epilogue in which he discusses 'impetus and imagination' in North American exploration. His highly perceptive commentary deals essentially with means and motives. Explorers ventured forth for a wide variety of reasons; indeed, the process of exploration might be described as grandly haphazard: 'They went, for the most part unsystematically, westward and northward, for reasons of economic necessity or ambition, for greed for gain from furs or hoped-for precious minerals, for faith, for curiosity, careless or scientific, for the release of some kind of individual or collective tension.' International rivalry played a part, while Professor Quinn feels that 'missionary influence on our knowledge of North America' (and in particular that of the French missionaries from New France) 'is almost impossible to overrate.'

Exploration during the century and a half from 1630 to 1776 is dealt with region by region in seven chapters. Each consists of a substantial descriptive and analytical essay, followed by a selection of excerpts from original sources. Virtually all exploration was carried out by the French, the British or the Spaniards, and the story reflects the distinctive character of each effort. The French explored and laid claim to vast areas, but they never succeeded in providing their empire with the 'flesh and blood' of population; New France continued to consist of a relatively small settlement in the lower St Lawrence valley and a network of far-flung forts, trading posts and Catholic missions. The British, by contrast, were content to stay within a much smaller area, but within it they built up a compact and substantial population. The Spanish showed little inclination to expand beyond regions in which they found gold and silver and a numerous native population that they could exploit and reduce to virtual slavery. As a result, they never appeared in any force north of Mexico.

Inevitably, and despite Brebner, Canadian interest will be greatest in the three excellent chapters that relate largely to what is now Canada. Chapter 1 deals with New France after Champlain, chapter 6 with the fur trade and the exploration it occasioned to the north and west, and chapter 7 with the Pacific Coast. All three will have a special interest for readers of *The Beaver* because they are the work of Dr Glyndwr Williams, presently editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

Professor Quinn points out that in the 18th century 'for the first time, governments spent money on mounting expeditions whose functions were recognizably scientific', and this new interest influenced unofficial activities as well. 'There was a growing obligation on explorers to make more effective maps and to bring back information on fauna, flora and minerals, together with details of native life and customs (often illustrated).' That interest and obligation produced the originals of the illustrations in this volume, which are nothing short of superb. With the exception of five modern reference maps all 400 are from contemporary sources. A special word of praise is due the captions; frequently quite lengthy, they constitute a valuable contribution in themselves. Notable features include fine reproductions of 30 early-18th-century drawings and paintings of birds, animals, fishes and plants by Mark Catesby, some from published works but many from the original water-colours in the Royal Library at Windsor, and a dozen equally fine studies produced later in the century by William Bartram.

Very wisely, Dr Williams took a small liberty with chronology and extended his chapter on the Pacific Coast to 1778, in order to include Captain Cook's voyage. This not only completed a preliminary survey of the longest hitherto unexplored coastline in the world, but resulted in the maritime fur trade, which marked the beginning of the modern development of the region. In the East, 1776 was a date of equal significance in the history of exploration. One of the grievances that resulted in the American Revolution was the reluctance of the British Government to allow the Thirteen Colonies to overflow into the vast territories to the west of them. The revolution destroyed this reserve, and the young and lusty United States began a westward expansion that was to end only when it extended to the Pacific Ocean.

Readers may wonder why the period covered begins in 1630. This is because the earlier years have been dealt with in a companion volume, *The Discovery of North America*. But although it is thus in effect a sequel, *The Exploration of North America* is for all intents and purposes a complete and separate work.

Dr Lamb, historian, Dominion Archivist and Librarian (now retired), has edited the journals of Daniel William Harmon, Gabriel Franchère, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser. He is author of 'Canada's Five Centuries: From Discovery to Present Day'.

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SALT OF THE EARTH

Edited by Heather Robertson. James Lorimer and Company, Toronto, 1974. 224 pages, illus. $17.50.

Reviewed by Wilfred Eggleston

GLENBOW-ALBERTA INSTITUTE

Mr and Mrs Les Johnson, Enchant, Alberta, 1909.
From 'Salt of the Earth' edited by Heather Robertson.

The sub-title is 'The Story of Homesteaders in Western Canada'. This is a collection of first-hand accounts, most of them never before published, illustrated by more than one hundred photographs. It is not so much prairie history as the raw material out of which history is woven. Like all the early chronicles this sporadic and impressionistic assortment lacks perspective and scholarship, but it supplies an indispensable verity. Nothing could be more authentic. The homesteaders and their children testify as to what it was like. These accounts and the wonderful collection of photographs which accompany them recreate the flavour of an historic time, now irretrievably past. A few of the narratives relate to the 1880s, but most of them come from the first decade of this century, when the tide of immigration reached its crest.

It is all here: the crowded steerage full of the seasick, the homesick, the heartsick, and the indomitable; the colonist cars with their slatted berths; the land-hungry settlers jammed outside the Land Agent's office; the desolate feeling as the tenderfoot immigrants sit on their boxes and bales on a loading platform in the midst of a vast solitude watching the train pull away; the oxen pulling the plow at a mile and a half an hour while the mosquitoes blacken the air; the 'bald-headed' prairie so naked you could have shot a rabbit a mile away; the emergency surgery in the kitchen forty miles from the nearest hospital; the sod shanty; the prairie fire roaring in like Nemesis; the blizzard which overtakes and destroys a child between the house and the barn; the dances, the picnics, the celebration of Christmas half a continent or half a world away from 'home'; the gophers, the grasshoppers and the coyotes; cyclone, lightning and hail; the chuck wagons and the round-up; the threshing outfit and the insatiable appetites in the cook car; lunch pails in the schoolhouse porch raided by gophers; the Mounted Police; the country store, and all the rest. Being myself the son of a homesteader on this same 'bald-headed range', a steerage passenger of 1909, I can confirm the accuracy and faithfulness of the composite picture. The archives of the West have obviously been ransacked and sifted industriously to provide such a feast of nostalgia. The sons and daughters of the pioneers will recognize and respond and smile: the younger generation will have an exceptional opportunity to taste what it was like.

The scholarship and perspective which are bound to be lacking in these first-hand accounts of plain men and women might have been redeemed in some small degree by a more thoughtfully planned and researched introduction. Some of the extracts are not identified. Obscure place-names are not located. The ordering of the extracts is by no means chronological. The value of the book would have been enhanced by a score of historical notes. The selection of material and the choice of photographs is so good that the editor had a chance to make a valuable book into an enduring classic.

What a shock it is to read, in the first sentence of the introduction, that 'several million square miles' of 'virgin prairie' were waiting 'for anyone who wanted it.' A precise figure is not easy to obtain, but allowing for the fact that between 1901 and 1926 the area of occupied farm land in the three prairie provinces increased from 15 million acres to 90 million acres, and deducting the millions of acres which belonged to the C.P.R., or the Hudson's Bay Company, or which were school lands or held for script, for purchased homesteads and the like, I would guess that 65 million acres of 'virgin prairie' free for the incoming homesteader would be closer to the mark, – say 100,000 square miles, or one-tenth of a million.

The rest of the introduction consists of several paragraphs of poetic prose in which the writer attempts, with some success, the almost impossible task of condensing into a few words an impression of one of the great historic treks of land-hungry peoples. But generalizations are treacherous. 'The extraordinary creative ferment of prairie settlement' the editor writes 'was channelled into familiar British moulds.' 'The West became a model of the East.' I don't recognize here the prairie society of my own boyhood and youth, among the Ozark Missourians, the Mormons, the Scandinavians, the Germans and Finns and Poles of southern Alberta and Saskatchewan. Some of the institutions were certainly British or based on Ontario traditions, but in the parts I knew best the 'British mould' was not too convincing.

The final paragraph begins: 'The boom collapsed with the outbreak of war in 1914.' Actually, the 'Wheat Boom' as economists sometimes call it came to an end at

least a year before September 1914, and the war, so far from ending the boom, in due course ended the short depression of 1913-15. The references in this paragraph to the war do not mesh with the descriptions of the economic historians, nor with the recollections of residents of Alberta and Saskatchewan who, like myself, lived and suffered and exulted through that agonizing period of human history.

But too much should not be made of the inadequacies of the introduction. Most readers will be fascinated by the text and the pictures, which testify to the courage, the fortitude, the naivety, the indomitable spirit, and the sense of humour, which sustained so many of the homesteaders who settled the West. This is a splendid sample of the homestead people, the setting and the struggle.

Dr Eggleston, retired Director of the School of Journalism, Carleton University, Ottawa, is author of 'The High Plains' and 'While I Still Remember' – books that tell of his early years on a homestead in the heart of Palliser's triangle. Another volume, 'Homestead on the Range' based on his father's homestead papers, will be published shortly.

THE ARCTIC

By Fred Bruemmer. Infocor Limited, Montreal, 1974. 222 pp., illus. $29.95.

Reviewed by Graham Rowley

Readers of *The Beaver* will be familiar with the work of Fred Bruemmer, who has been a frequent contributor over many years and they will welcome *The Arctic*, which brings together a cornucopia of the fruits of his long and varied travels in the northern parts of Europe and North America. In particular, they will expect first-class photography, and they will not be disappointed.

The book is arranged in six sections, covering the history, the land, the sea, the plants, the animals, and the people. Each section is followed by what are called addenda and consist essentially of notes and anecdotes expanding on or illustrating some parts of the text. This sometimes leads to repetition. For instance, the statement on page 109 that the fur seals of the North Pacific, once reduced to 200,000, now, with careful management, number again nearly 2,000,000 is followed a few pages later with the same information in practically the same words.

The text presents a comprehensive account of the natural history of the North in a way that captures the interest of the reader. There are one or two misprints, such as the date of 1669 rather than 1769 for the beginning of Samuel Hearne's journeys. There are also a number of careless statements. The Eskimos of Baffin Island do not still vividly remember Frobisher's visits. The diet of the Eskimos has certainly deteriorated in recent years, but it is nonsense to say that 'Most Eskimos live on an exclusively carbohydrate diet'. The whaling industry declined earlier in the Eastern Arctic than in the West. The fish of the northern seas have not fed many sea elephants. The Arctic is not one of the few places where archaeologists commonly use aerial surveys to find prehistoric settlement sites; aerial survey is widely used throughout the world for this purpose. Eskimos have sharp eyes but a seal that pokes its head up in the sea a mile away is not likely to be seen instantly. The 'gold ore' found by Frobisher was not pyrite, which has not been found on Kodlunarn Island. Neanderthal man was not hunting cave bears as recently as 5,000 years ago. Statements of this sort detract from a text that is otherwise unusually informative and at the same time easy to understand. It deserves, but has not got, an index.

The printing of the text is not up to the high standard of the rest of the book. The type is small and undistinguished, the inking is sometimes uneven, and in the pages of 'addenda', which for some reason have not been numbered, the margins of the type have not been justified. In contrast, the printing of the colour and the larger black and white photographs is excellent. The most successful are those that are bled and either full page or double page. Many of these are of outstanding beauty. Where there are several black and white photographs on a single page, the quality of the reproduction is less satisfactory, and several of these photographs are too small or too dark to do them justice. It is of course impossible to illustrate all aspects of the North but it is surprising to find six photographs, none of them striking, of Dorset petroglyphs but nothing of the superb Dorset culture carvings.

A review should be critical, but in this book there is much more to praise than to fault. *The Arctic* will, without doubt, give great pleasure to anyone who is interested in the North, both in the enjoyment of the photographs and in its wealth of information.

Now retired, Graham Rowley was Scientific Adviser to the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. His long association with the Arctic dates back to his exploration and archaeological investigation of the Foxe Basin, 1936-9.

TO THE PACIFIC AND ARCTIC WITH BEECHEY

The Journal of Lieutenant George Peard of H.M.S. 'Blossom', 1825-1828

Edited by Barry M. Gough. Published for the Hakluyt Society. Cambridge University Press, London, 1973. 272 pages, illus. $32.50.

Reviewed by A. Stevenson

At the end of the Napoleonic wars the victorious British had a navy of well-equipped ships manned by experienced seamen. There was now an enthusiasm to renew the search for the Northwest Passage and carry out exploration and scientific research of the northern coast of this continent. The early 1820s saw a three-pronged venture planned and developed by the Admiralty. In 1824 Captain W. E. Parry sailed west across the Atlantic with H.M.S. *Hecla* and *Fury*. He was to enter Lancaster Sound and turn southwards into Prince Regent Inlet where, it was believed, he would find a passage to the northwestern coast of the continent and on to the Pacific. Another approach was launched in the summer of 1825 under Captain John Franklin on his second overland expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie and west along the shores of the Polar Sea to Icy Cape, Alaska. This area was also the goal of the third 'prong' in the same year. Commanded by Captain F. W. Beechey, H.M.S. *Blossom* rounded Cape Horn, entered the Pacific and headed northwards to the Bering Strait. Beechey's instructions were to round the coast of Alaska and work eastwards to join

A young Eskimo family near Maricourt (Wakeham Bay), Arctic Quebec.
From 'The Arctic' by Fred Bruemmer.

up with Franklin. He was to build cairns and leave information for Parry should he navigate a channel through to that region.

Beechey's delightful voyage in H.M.S. *Blossom* is described in his book *Voyage to the Pacific and Bering's Strait.* The adjective 'delightful' is seldom used in connection with an Arctic expedition, but in this case the ship sailed via Cape Horn and spent some time on the idyllic tropical islands of the Pacific – Tahiti, Sandwich Islands and Pitcairn where they met the one remaining mutineer and the descendants of the *Bounty* voyage of 1790.

Three nineteenth-century works have been published on the Beechey voyage. This fourth book *To the Pacific and Arctic with Beechey – The Journal of Lieutenant George Peard of H.M.S. Blossom 1825-28* is an important addition to the literature of the journey. First Officer Peard was born of a naval family; his father was a Vice-admiral and his mother, the daughter of an Admiral. He saw service in the wars with France and as a young midshipman, was taken prisoner in 1811 and released on the abdication of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1814. He came to North America for naval service on Lake Ontario, and later served in a frigate of 42 guns under Captain Thomas Searle on the Leith and South America stations. In 1825 Peard was given his next and last appointment as first lieutenant of H.M.S. *Blossom*.

George Peard enhances the story of the *Blossom's* voyage with detailed and interesting descriptions (not without the biases of the day) of the people and places visited. His accounts of Kamchatka on the Siberian coast of Russia and of northwestern North America are equally valuable, although he seems unaware or unconcerned about the British-American-Russian rivalry for the northwest coast – one of the principal reasons that Britain was carrying out scientific research in the Pacific and Arctic regions. Nevertheless, his inquisitive scientific mind examines and deals with a wide range of subjects.

The journal by George Peard is in the British Museum's Manuscript Department. It is edited by Dr Barry Gough, professor of history at Western Washington State College and author of *The Royal Navy and the Northwest Coast of North America – 1810-1914.*

In editing Peard's manuscript, Dr Gough has conformed with the editorial policies of the Hakluyt Society. Nothing has been omitted or changed except minor points of punctuation, page headings, and numbering. The publication has a good introduction and a fine bibliography.

A. Stevenson is Chairman, Northwest Territories Historical Advisory Board.

THE BLACK HILLS; OR, LAST HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE DAKOTAHS

By Annie D. Tallent. Brevet Press, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 1974. 563 pages, illustrations, index. $11.95.

Reviewed by Alan R. Woolworth

Annie D. Tallent became a legendary, revered figure in Dakota Territory during her own long lifetime. She had the distinction of being the first white woman to venture into the Black Hills country of South Dakota. Her entry was made with her husband and young son as a member of the 'Gordon Stockade Party' which illegally entered the area and squatted on French Creek, near modern Custer, South Dakota, in the late fall and early winter months of 1874. After spending the winter panning placer gold, the party was forcibly removed by a troop of U.S. Cavalry in the spring of 1875 and taken to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. In the spring of 1876, Mrs Tallent and her family returned to the roaring mining town of Deadwood, Dakota Territory. She remained there for many years.

While writing her book, Annie Tallent states that she did not set out to prepare a full and comprehensive history. Instead, it was her goal to make 'a compilation of all information in relation to the Black Hills, obtainable without labored research, and a truthful record of such incidents and occurrences as stand out in bold relief in the memory of the author, who was among them and in a manner identified with their aims, and a sharer in their hardships.' She modestly made no pretensions to literary skills and hoped to present her facts in 'plain homely diction'. After she had begun to write, her scope was broadened to embrace as nearly as possible all of the important events that had taken place in the Black Hills 'during their twenty-three years of history'.

Despite these disclaimers, her volume does have merit. She presents a generally accurate, though biased, account of the illegal entry of white men into the Black Hills following the Custer Expedition of 1874 – in violation of the Sioux treaty of 1868. Despite an over-all worship of pioneers, she narrates much significant data concerning the region up to the late 1890s. Surely she had the opportunity to acquire a first-hand knowledge of many events, and she knew many of the participants as friends.

It is glaringly apparent that she was imbued with the characteristic white attitudes of her era towards the American Indian. Prominent among her biases was the belief that Indians were obstacles to progress and that they did not really have a sound title to the land and its resources. The Indian, for instance, did not develop or exploit the land to its fullest. Hence, it was proper and moral to take it from them and to place it in the care of white men who would make it productive.

A violent exception to Annie Tallent's outlook on the Indian is taken in an *Introduction To The Second Edition* by Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve, a Brule Sioux Indian and an editor with Brevet Press. With direct and passionate prose, she gives her own views on the literary efforts of Mrs Tallent and the tenor of her era.

Much of the first half of the volume appears to have been drawn from Annie Tallent's personal sources. Following the opening of the region to legal settlement in 1876, her information becomes more of a compendium of important but standard data about the founding of towns, famous mines, the organization of counties; of the 'first newspapers' and the 'first banker'. The volume closes with a final chapter about the tragic affair at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, in 1890 and it too is written from the white point of view. One can only wish that she had kept a journal of her adventures on a raw mining frontier and that it could be published today for the unique viewpoints and insights of what it was like to be a woman in that time and place. Be that as it may, it is good to know this volume is in print again.

Alan Woolworth is Chief Archaeologist, Minnesota Historical Society.

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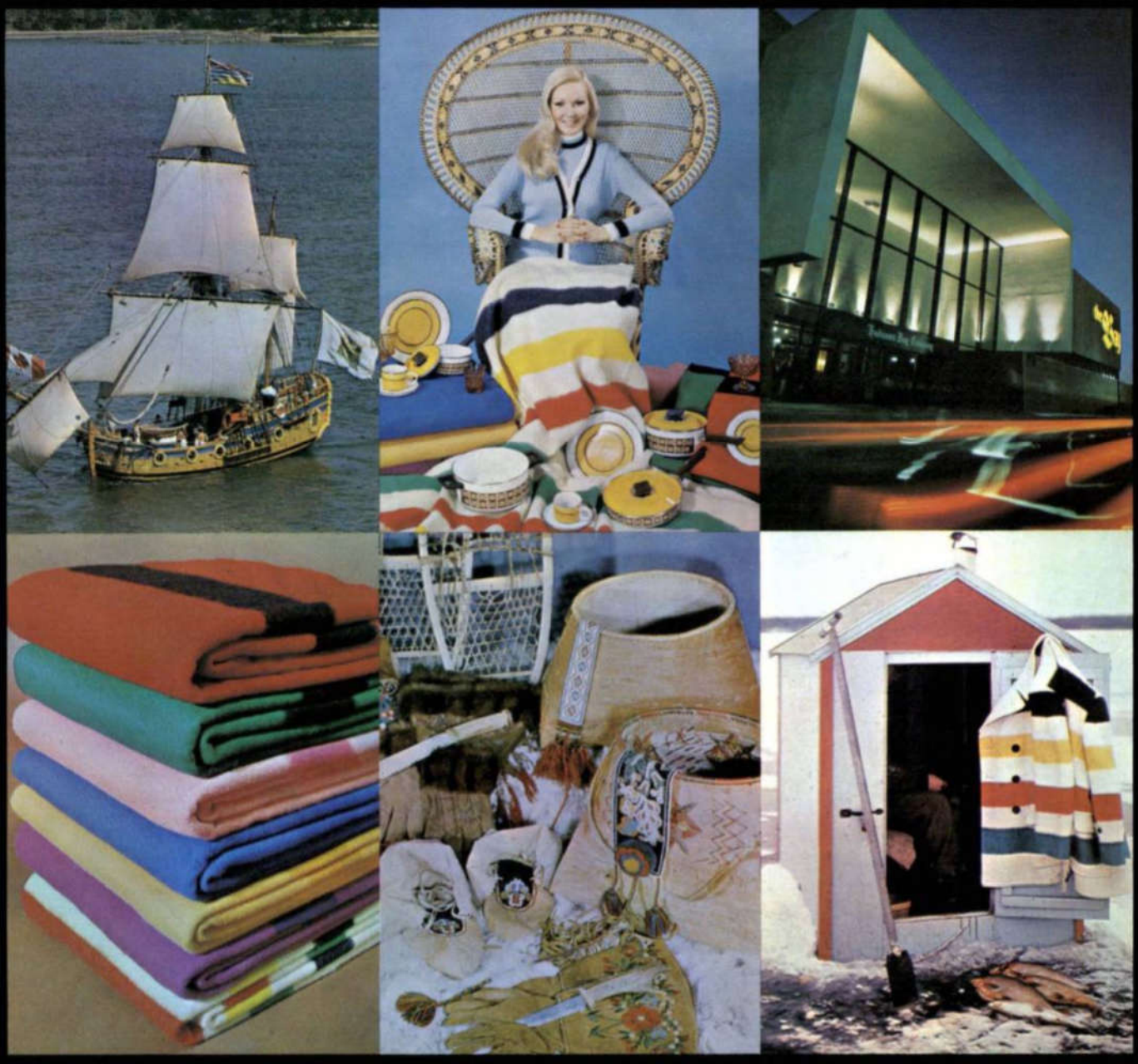

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